Thomas Dobbin

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

King HENRY VI. *Part* II.

King HENRY VI. *Part* III.

King RICHARD III.

King HENRY VIII.

DUBLIN:

Printed for R. OWEN, J. LEATHLEY, G. and A. EWING, W. and J. SMITH, G. FAULKNER, P. CRAMPTON, A. BRADLEY, T. MOORE, E. and J. EXSHAW. M DCC XLVII.

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THE

SECOND PART

OF

K. *HENRY* VI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.

Humphry *Duke of* Glouceſter, } *Uncles to the*
Cardinal Beauford, *Bp. of* Wincheſter, } *King.*

Duke of York, *pretending to the Crown.*

Duke of Buckingham, }
Duke of Somerſet, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk, }

Earl of Saliſbury, } *Of the* York *Faction.*
Earl of Warwick, }

Lord Clifford, *of the King's Party.*

Lord Say.

Lord Scales, *Governor of the* Tower.

Sir Humphry Stafford.

Young Stafford, *his Brother.*

Alexander Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*

Young Clifford, *Son to the Lord* Clifford.

Edward Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of* York.
Richard Plantagenet, }

Vaux, *a Sea Captain, and* Walter Whitmore — *Pirates.*

A Herald.

Hume *and* Southwel, *two Prieſts.*

Bolingbrook, *an Aſtrologer.*

A Spirit, attending on Jordan *the Witch.*

Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.*

Peter, *his Man.*

Clerk of Chatham.

Mayor of St. Albans.

Simpcox, *an Impoſtor.*

Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the Butcher,* Smith *the Weaver, and ſeveral others, Rebels.*

Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry VI. *ſecretly in Love with the Duke of* Suffolk.

Dame Eleanor, *Wife to the Duke of* Glouceſter.

Mother Jordan, *a Witch employ'd by the Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Wife to Simpcox.

Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE *is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral Parts of* England.

[1] The SECOND PART of

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: then, Hautboys. Enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, Saliſbury, Warwick, *and* Beauford *on the one ſide: The Queen*, Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham *on the other.*

SUFFOLK.

[2] AS by your high imperial Majeſty
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs *Marg'ret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanſon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my taſk, and was eſpous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of *England* and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
[*Preſenting the Queen to the King.*
To your moſt gracious hand; that are the ſubſtance
Of that great ſhadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt gift that ever Marquiſs gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. *Henry. Suffolk*, ariſe. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*;

1 *The ſecond part*, &c.] This and the th'rd part were firſt written under the title of the *Contention of* York *and* Lancaſter, printed in 1600, but ſince vaſtly improved by the Author. Mr. *Pope.*

2 *As by your high*, &c.] Vide *Hall*'s Chronicle, Fol. 66. Year 23. Init. Mr. *Pope.*

I can expreſs no kinder ſign of love,
Than this kind kiſs. O Lord, that lend'ſt me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulneſs!
For thou haſt giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul;
If ſympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. *Mar.* Great King of *England*, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conf'rence that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you [3] mine alder-lieveſt Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King
With ruder terms; ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.

K. *Henry.* Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in ſpeech,
Her words y-clad with wiſdom's majeſty,
Make me from wondring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen *Marg'ret*, *England*'s happineſs!

Q. *Mar.* We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

Suf. My lord protector, ſo it pleaſe your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted Peace,
Between our Sovereign and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

Glo. [*reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the* French *King*, Charles, *and* William de la Pole *Marquiſs of* Suffolk, *Ambaſſador for* Henry *King of* England, *that the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouſe the lady* Margaret, *daughter unto* Reignier *King of* Naples, Sicilia, *and* Jeruſalem, *and crown her Queen of* England, *ere the thirtieth of* May *next enſuing.*

3 ——— *mine* alder-lieveſt *Sovereign*;] *Alder-lieveſt* is an old *Engliſh* word given to him to whom the ſpeaker is ſupremely attached: *Lieveſt* being the ſuperlative of the comparative, *levar*, *rather*, from *lief*. So *Hall* in his *Chronicle*, *Henry* VI. Folio 12. *Ryght lyghe and mighty Prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, leveſt Lord.*

Item.

Item. *That the Dutchy of* Anjou, *and the County of* Maine, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father.* [*Lets fall the paper.*

K. *Henry.* Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. *Henry.* Uncle of *Wincheſter*, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the Dutchies of* Anjou *and* Maine *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of* England's *own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. *Henry.* They pleaſe us well. Lord Marquiſs, kneel you down;
We here create thee the firſt duke of *Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the ſword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of *France*, 'till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Wincheſter*,
Glo'ſter, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Saliſbury and *Warwick*;
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King*, *Queen*, *and* Suffolk.

SCENE II.

Manent the reſt.

Glo. Brave peers of *England*, pillars of the ſtate,
To you Duke *Humphry* muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
Have you yourſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,

Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?
Or hath mine uncle *Beauford*, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
And was his Highness in his infancy
Crowned in *Paris*, in despight of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall *Henry*'s Conquest, *Bedford*'s vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of *England*, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstances?
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! myself did win them both:
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?

York. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.

I never

I never read, but *England*'s Kings have had
Large ſums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
For coſt and charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*,
Before ———

Car. My lord of *Glo'ſter*, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleaſure of my lord the King.

Glo. My lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate; in thy face,
I ſee thy fury: if I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewel; and ſay, when I am gone,
I propheſy'd, *France* will be loſt ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Conſider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the *Engliſh* crown.
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
4 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the eaſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it.
Look to it, lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of* Glo'ſter,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu *maintain your royal excellence!*
With, *God preſerve the good Duke* Humphry!
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our ſovereign,

4 *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the* WEST,] certainly *Shakeſpear* wrote EAST.

He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of *Somerset*, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoist Duke *Humphry* from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry*'s pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or *Somerset*, or I, will be protector,
Despight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.
[*Ex.* Buckingham *and* Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw, but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*
Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
More like a soldier, than a man o'th' church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the publick good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal.
With *Somerset*'s and *Buckingham*'s ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke *Humphry*'s deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War,

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says *York*, for he hath greatest cause.
[*Aside.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, *Maine* is lost;
That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.
[*Ex.* Warwick *and* Salisbury.

SCENE III.

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*;
Paris is lost; the state of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.
Anjou and *Maine*, both giv'n unto the *French*!
Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
Ev'n as I have of fertile *England*'s soil.
A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own;

And therefore I will take the *Nevills'* parts,
And make a ſhew of love to proud Duke *Humphry*;
And, when I ſpy advantage, claim the Crown;
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit.
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humour fits not for a Crown.
Then, *York*, be ſtill a while, 'till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the State;
'Till *Henry*, ſurfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and *England*'s dear-bought Queen,
And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raiſe aloft the milk-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my Standard bear the arms of *York*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the Crown,
Whoſe bookiſh Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
[*Exit* York.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Duke of Glouceſter's *Houſe.*

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his Wife* Eleanor.

Elean. WHY droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the ſullen earth,
Gazing at that which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henry*'s Diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold:
What! is't too ſhort? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And, having both together heav'd it up,

We'll

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven:
And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy lord,
Baniſh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine Ill
Againſt my King and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt Breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me ſad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With ſweet rehearſal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this Staff, mine office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolk*.
This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a ſtick of *Glo'ſter*'s grove,
Shall loſe his head for his Preſumption.
But liſt to me, my *Humphry*, my ſweet Duke:
Methought, I ſat in ſeat of Majeſty,
In the Cathedral church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd;
Where *Henry* and *Marg'ret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor*,
Art thou not ſecond woman in the Realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy huſband, and thyſelf,
From top of honour to diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what! my lord; are you ſo cholerick
With

With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume*'s advice,
Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elena. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning witch;
And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. *Albans* we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,

With

With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.

[*Exit* Eleanor.

Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs' gold:
Marry, and ſhall; but how now, Sir *John Hume?*
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum!*
The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it ſo: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Eleanor*'s aſpiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Dutcheſs;
And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.
They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's, broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the Dutcheſs' wreck,
And her Attainture will be *Humphry*'s Fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter *the Armourer's man being one.*

1 *Pet.* MY maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a'comes, methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my lord Protector.

Suf.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord Protector.

Q. *Mar. To my lord Protector.* [*reading*] Are your ſupplications to his lordſhip? let me ſee them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's ſome wrong, indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Againſt the Duke of* Suffolk, *for incloſing the Commons of* Long Meiford. How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

Suf. [*reads.*] *Againſt my maſter*, Thomas Horner, *for ſaying, that the Duke of* York *was rightful heir to the Crown.*

Q. *Mar.* What! did the Duke of *York* ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my maſter was? no, forſooth; my maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an Uſurper.

Suf. Who is there? ——— Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſuivant, preſently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit* Peter *guarded.*

Q. *Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace.
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the Supplications.*

Away, baſe cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. *Mar.* My lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the faſhion in the Court of *England?*
Is this the government of *Britain*'s Iſle?
And this the royalty of *Albion*'s King?
What! ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly *Glo'ſter*'s governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in ſtyle,

And

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
Thou ran'st a-tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of *France*
I thought, King *Henry* had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave Maries* on his beads;
His champions are the Prophets and Apostles:
His weapons holy Saws of sacred Writ;
His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen Images of canoniz'd Saints.
I would, the College of the Cardinals
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And set the triple Crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. *Mar.* Beside the proud Protector, have we *Beauford*
Th' imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these
But can do more in *England*, than the King.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevills*;
Salisb'ry and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. *Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud Dame, the lord Protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
More like an Empress than Duke *Humphry*'s wife.
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, base-born, Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands;
'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his daughter!

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,

And

And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to their lays;
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her reſt; and, Madam, liſt to me;
For I am bold to counſel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet muſt we join with him and with the lords,
'Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in diſgrace.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt;
And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy Realm.

SCENE VI.

To them enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, *Cardinal*, Buckingham, York, Saliſbury, Warwick, *and the Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry*. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.
York. If *York* have ill demean'd himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.
War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that; *York* is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters ſpeak.
War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this Preſence are thy betters, *Warwick*.
War. *Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.
Sal. Peace, Son; and ſhew ſome reaſon, *Buckingham*,
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this.
Q. Mar. Becauſe the King, forſooth, will have it ſo.
Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give his Cenſure: theſe are no woman's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
And, at his Pleaſure, will reſign my Place.

Suf-

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King, but thou?)
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the Peers, and Nobles of the Realm,
Have been as bond-men to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd; the Clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law;
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. *Mar.* Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* Glo.
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?
[*She gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. *Henry.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.
[*Exit* Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your ſpightful falſe objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law.
But God in mercy deal ſo with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my King and Country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Sovereign, *York* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon of no little force,
That *York* is moſt unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here
Without diſcharge, money or furniture,
'Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Laſt time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd and loſt.

War. That I can witneſs, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong *Warwick*.

War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace!

Enter Horner *the Armourer, and his Man* Peter, *guarded.*

Suf. Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon:
Pray God, the Duke of *York* excuſe himſelf!

York. Doth any one accuſe *York* for a traitor?

K. *Henry.* What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolk?* tell me, what are theſe?

Suf. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the man,
That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
His words were theſe; "that *Richard* Duke of *York*
"Was rightful heir unto the *Engliſh* Crown;

"And

" And that your Majesty was an usurper.

K. *Henry*. Say, man; were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsly accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my lord of *York's* armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your Majesty do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. *Henry*. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerset* be Regent o'er the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry*'s doom.

K. *Henry*. Then be it so: My Lord of *Somerset*,
We make your Grace Regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my case; the spight of Man prevaileth against me: O lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O lord, my heart!———

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. *Henry*. Away with them to prison; and the day of Combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, *Somerset*, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish*. *Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The Witch's Cave.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, my maſters; the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorciſms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy below; and ſo I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother *Jordan*, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, *above.*

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all: to this geer, the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady: wizards know their times.

5 Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire,
The time, when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

5 *Deep night, dark night*, the ſilent of the night.] *The ſilent of the night* is a claſſical expreſſion; and means an interlunar night.—*Amica ſilentia Lunæ.* So *Pliny*, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utiliſſimè in coitu ejus ſterni, quem diem alii* interlunii, *alii* ſilentis *Lunæ appellant.* Lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, *Milton* ſays,

The Sun to me is dark
And ſilent *as the Moon,*
When ſhe deſerts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar *Cave.*

[*Here*

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies, and make the circle*; Bolingbrook *or* Southwel *reads*, Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spirit. *Adsum.*

M. *Jord. Asmuth*, by the eternal God, whose name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I ask;
For 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt——That I had said, and done!

Boling. First, of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.*

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk?*

Spirit. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befal the Duke of *Somerset?*

Spirit. Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where Castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash:
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and Realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England*'s King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.

Stafford,

Stafford, take her to thee.
We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.
[*Exeunt Guards with* Jordan, Southwel, *&c.*
York. [6] Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her well;
A pretty Plot, well chose to build upon.
Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's Writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry *shall depose;*
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk?*
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset?*
Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my lords;
These Oracles are (*a*) hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progress tow'rds St. *Albans;*
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my lord of *York*,
To be the Post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
To sup with me to morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*

6 *Lord* Buckingham, *methinks, &c.*] This repetition of the prophesies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the Scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. Mr. *Pope.*

[*(a) hardily.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *hardly.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. ALBANS.

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Faulconers hallooing.*

Q. *Mar.* BElieve me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. *Henry.* But what a point, my lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;
They know, their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?

K. *Henry.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a Crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weal!

Glo. What, Card'nal! Is your priesthood grown so peremptory? *Tantæne animis Cœlestibus iræ?*
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.
7 With such Holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

7 *With such Holiness* can you do it?] Do what? The verse wants a foot, we should read,

With such Holiness can you NOT *do it?*

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice?

Glo.

Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as yourſelf, my lord;
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorſhip.
Glo. Why, *Suffolk, England* knows thine inſolence.
Q. *Mar.* And thy ambition, *Glo'ſter.*
K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on theſe too too furious Peers,
For bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector, with my ſword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that.
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, } *Aſide.*
In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe.
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: and, if thou dar'ſt,
This Ev'ning on the eaſt ſide of the grove.
K. *Henry.* How now, my lords?
Car. Believe me, couſin *Glo'ſter,*
Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly,
We'd had more ſport——Come with thy two-hand ſword. [*Aſide to* Glouceſter.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—The eaſt ſide of the Grove?
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aſide.*
K. *Henry.* Why, how now, uncle *Glo'ſter?*
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing elſe, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, Prieſt, I'll ſhave your crown for this,
Or all my Fence ſhall fail. [*Aſide.*
Car. [*Aſide.*] *Medice, teipſum.*
Protector, ſee to't well, protect yourſelf.
K. *Henry.* The winds grow high, ſo do your ſtomachs, lords.
How irkſome is this muſick to my heart!
When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what miracle doſt thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forſooth, a blind man at St. *Alban*'s ſhrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his ſight;
A man, that ne'er ſaw in his life before.

K. *Henry.* Now God be prais'd, that to believing ſouls
Gives light in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, *and his brethren, bearing* Simpcox *between two in a chair,* Simpcox*'s wife following.*

Car. Here come the townſmen on proceſſion,
Before your Highneſs to preſent the man.

K. *Henry.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my maſters, bring him near the King,
His Highneſs' pleaſure is to talk with him.

K. *Henry.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't pleaſe your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worſhip.

Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou couldſt have better told.

K. *Henry.* Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. *Henry.* Poor Soul! God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
Let never day or night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint *Alban*; who said, *Simpcox*, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shal' not serve:
Let's see thine eyes; wink now, now open them;
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint *Alban*.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. *Henry.* Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it pleaſe you, maſter.

Glo. Saunder, ſit there, the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom.

If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well know all our names, as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a miracle:
Would ye not think that Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O maſter, that you could!

Glo. My maſters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not beadles in your town,
And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither. Now, Sirrah, if you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we muſt have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool and runs away; and they follow and cry,* A miracle!

K. *Henry.* O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long!

Queen. It made me laugh to ſee the vil'ain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town, 'till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle with the Woman.*

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III.

Enter Buckingham.

K. *Henry.* What tidings with our couſin *Buckingham?*

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your ſtate;
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raiſing up wicked Spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King *Henry*'s life and death,
And other of your Highneſs' privy-council,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.

Car. And ſo, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forth coming, yet at *London*.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge:
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aſide to* G'o'ſter.

Glo. Ambitious Church-man! leave t'afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers;
And vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt groom.

K. *Henry.* O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Glo'ſter, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt,
And look, thyſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.

Glo. Madam, for myſelf, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it ſtands.

Sorry

Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and Virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
I banish her my bed and company:
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster*'s honest name.

K. *Henry*. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this business thoroughly.
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the Cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish*. *Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Duke of York's *Palace.*

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. NOW, my good lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself;
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to *England*'s Crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet *York*, begin; and if thy Claim be good,
The *Nevills* are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
The fifth, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of *York*;
The sixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, Duke of *Glo'ster*;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King;

'Till *Henry Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt ſon and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence ſhe came,
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmleſs King *Richard* trait'rouſly was murther'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For *Richard*, the firſt ſon's heir being dead,
The Iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.

Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

York. The third ſon, Duke of *Clarence*, from whoſe Line
I claim the Crown, had iſſue *Philip*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
Edmond had iſſue, *Roger* Earl of *March*:
Roger had iſſue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid Claim unto the Crown;
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the reſt ———

York His eldeſt ſiſter, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the Crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was the ſon to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth ſon. ———
By her I claim the Kingdom; ſhe was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the ſon
Of *Edmond Mortimer*, who married *Philip*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth ſon; *York* here claims it from the third.
'Till *Lionel*'s iſſue fail, his ſhould not reign;
It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee
And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.

Then,

Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign *Richard*, *England*'s King!

York. We thank you, lords: but I am not your King,
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s Insolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerset*'s Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them;
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis That they seek; and they in seeking That
Shall seek their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

Sal. My lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And, *Nevil*, this I do assure my self:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England*, but the King. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a House near to Smithfield.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry *and Nobles; the Dutchess, Mother* Jordan, Southwel, Hume, *and* Bolingbrook, *under guard.*

K. *Henry.* STAND forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ster*'s wife,
In sight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison, back again;

From thence unto the place of execution;
The Witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to ashes:
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open Penance done,
Live in your Country here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanley* in the *Isle* of *Man*.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor*;
I cannot justifie, whom law condemns.
[*Exeunt* Eleanor, *and the others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, *Humphry!* this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would Solace, and my age would Ease.

K. *Henry.* Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*; ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; *Henry* will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. *Mar.* I see no reason, why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s realm:
Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, noble *Henry*, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.
[*Exit* Glo'ster.

Q. *Mar.* Why, now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.
And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off:

This

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry*'s hand.
Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprayes;
Thus *Eleanor*'s pride dies in her younger days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.
Q. *Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court. to see this quarrel try'd.
K. *Henry.* A'God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

SCENE VI.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff [7] *with a sand-bag fastned to it; and at the other door his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's [8] a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.*

7 *with a* Sand-bag *fastned to it.*] As, according to the old laws of duels, Knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an *Ebon* staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cram'd hard with sand. To this custom *Hudibras* has alluded in these humourous lines.

Engag'd with money bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags *did of old.*

8 *a cup of* charneco.] On which the *Oxford Editor* thus criticises, in his *index*. *This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish*

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy maſter; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my laſt draught in this world. Here, *Robin:* if I die, I give thee my apron; and, *Will*, thou ſhalt have my hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bleſs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forſooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

Arm. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave and my ſelf an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow, 9 as *Bevis* of *Southampton* fell upon *Aſcapart*.

York.

Charniegos *is a term uſed for the ſtocks.* It was no cant word, but a common name for a ſort of ſweet wine, as appears from a paſſage in a pamphlet, intitled, *The diſcovery of a London Monſter, called the black dog of Newgate, printed* 1612. *Some drinking the neat wine of* Orleance, *ſome the* Gaſcony, *ſome the* Bourdeaux. *There wanted neither* ſherry, ſack *nor* charneco, maligo *nor amber-colour'd* candy, *nor liquoriſh* ipocras, *brown beloved* baſtard, *fat* aligant, *or any quick-ſpirited liquor*——And as *charneca* is, in *Spaniſh*, the name of a kind of *turpentine tree*, I imagine the growth of it was in ſome diſtrict abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour reſembling it.

9 *as* Bevis *of* Southampton *fell upon* Aſcapart.] I have added this from the old quarto.

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and* Peter *strikes him down.*

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold; I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?
O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. *Henry.* Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
[1] For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The STREET.

Enter Duke Humphry *and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.*

Glo. THUS sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
The barren winter with his nipping cold;
[2] So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a-clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:
[3] Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,

1 *For by his* death —— *death*, for defeat. Because by the laws of duel he that was defeated was executed in consequence of it.

2 *So cares and joys* abound, *as seasons fleet.*] I imagine *Shakespear* might write,

So cares and joys go round.

3 *Unneath.*] i. e. scarcely. Mr. *Pope.*

With

With envious looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame;
That erſt did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou did'ſt ride in triumph thro' the ſtreets.
But ſoft! I think, ſhe comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-ſtain'd eyes to ſee her miſeries.

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, *a Sheriff and Officers.*

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou doſt penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, *Glo'ſter*, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah! *Glo'ſter*, teach me to forget myſelf:
For whilſt I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land;
Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I ſtart, the cruel people laugh:
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah! *Humphry*, can I bear this ſhameful yoak?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the ſun?
No: dark ſhall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am Duke *Humphry*'s wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a prince he was,
That he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-ſtock
To every idle, raſcal follower.

But

But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all)
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou can'ſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And, had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
Theſe few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſty's parliament holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er aſk'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there;
[*Exit Herald.*
My *Nell*, I take my leave: and, maſter Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commiſſion.

Sher. An't pleaſe your Grace, here my commiſſion ſtays:
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the *Iſle* of *Man*.

Glo. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well; the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if

You

You do it her: and ſo, Sir *John*, farewel.

Elean. What gone, my lord, and bid me not farewel?

Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.

[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me; my joy is death;
Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afraid,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Iſle* of *Man*;
There to be us'd according to your ſtate.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humphry*'s lady,
According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare;
Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.

Sher. It is my office; Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is diſcharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, ſhall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my priſon. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

At BURY.

Enter King Henry, *Queen*, *Cardinal*, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Saliſbury *and* Warwick, *to the Parliament.*

K. *Henry.* I Muſe, my lord of *Glo'ſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.

Q. *Mar.*

Q. *Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee;
That all the court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shews an angry eye;
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.
First note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
(Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease)
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts:
And when he'll please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden;
And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your Grace's tale.

The

The Dutcheſs, by his ſubornation,
Upon my life, began her deviliſh practices:
Or if he were not privy to thoſe faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high deſcent,
As next the King he was ſucceſſive heir,
And ſuch high vaunts of his nobility,
Did inſtigate the bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs
By wicked means to frame our ſov'reign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treaſon.
The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb.
No, no, my ſovereign; *Glo'ſter* is a man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of money through the realm
For ſoldiers' pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unknown;
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. *Henry.* My lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praiſe; but ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience?
Our kinſman *Glo'ſter* is as innocent
From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
As is the ſucking lamb or harmleſs dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.

Q. *Mar.* Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;
For he's diſpoſed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a lamb? his ſkin is, ſurely, lent him;
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Welcome, Lord *Somerset*; what news from *France?*

Som. That all your int'reſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.

K. *Henry*. Cold news, Lord *Somerſet*; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide*.

SCENE II.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. All happineſs unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.

Suf. Nay, *Glo'ſter*, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art;
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glo. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this Arreſt:
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my Sovereign.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes of *France*;
And, being protector, ſtaid the ſoldiers' pay;
By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought ſo? what are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in ſtudying good for *England*.
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of my own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,

Have

Have I dif-purſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.

Car. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.

Glo. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God!

York. In your protectorſhip you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears;
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault:
Unleſs it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment.
Murther, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.

Suf. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. *Henry.* My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpicion;
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, theſe days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancor's hand;
Foul ſubornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highneſs' Land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beauford's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy brow his ſtormed hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart:

And

And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:
The antient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

Q. *Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant; I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side;
And wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE III.

K. *Henry.* My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best, Do,

Do, or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

Q. *Mar.* What, will your Highneſs leave the Parliament?

K. *Henry.* Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whoſe flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with miſery:
For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?
Ah, uncle *Humphry!* in thy face I ſee
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith;
What low'ring ſtar now envies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life,
That never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong.
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it (*a*) ſtrives,
Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe:
Even ſo, remorſleſs, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling loſs:
Even ſo myſelf bewail good *Glo'ſter*'s caſe
With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, who's a traitor? *Glo'ſter* he is none. [*Exit.*

Q. *Mar.* [1] Free Lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: *Glo'ſter*'s ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,

1 *Free Lords*, &c.—] By this ſhe means, (as may be ſeen by the ſequel) you, who are not bound up to ſuch preciſe regards of religion as is the King; but are men of the world, and know how to live.

[(*a*) *ſtrives.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *ſtrays.*]

With

With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York*, that hath more reason for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's protector?

Q. *Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madness, then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By Nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. *Mar.* Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing

Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Sovereign from his foe.
Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. *Mar.* And ſo ſay I.

York. And I: And now we three have ſpoke it,
It ſkills not greatly, who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To ſignifie that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Engliſhmen* unto the ſword:
Send ſuccours, lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient Stop!
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd:
Witneſs the fortune he hath had in *France* ——

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar, charact'er'd on thy ſkin:
Men's fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.

Q. *Mar.* Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, hadſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of *York*, try what your fortune is;
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Englishmen.*
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each county some,
And try your hap against the *Irishmen?*

York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our Authority is his consent;
And what we do establish, he confirms;
Then, noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord *York*, that I will see perform'd:
But now return we to the false Duke *Humphry.*

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Bristol* I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for *Ireland.*

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of *York.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Manet York.

York. Now, *York*, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busie than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,

To

To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved Snake,
Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſt, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilſt I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black ſtorm,
Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,)
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And, for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a headſtrong *Kentiſh* man,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of Kerns;
And fought ſo long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen
Him caper upright like a wild *Moriſco*,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he converſed with the enemy;
And undiſcover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceive the Commons' mind;
How they affect the Houſe and Claim of *York*.
Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
Say, that he thrive; as 'tis great like, he will;
Why, then, from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd;

For

For *Humphry* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the murther of Duke Humphry.

1. RUN to my lord of *Suffolk*; let him know,
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh, that it were to do! what have we done!
Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent!

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, Sir, have you diſpatch'd this thing?

1. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.——
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murtherers.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen, Cardinal,* Somerſet, *with Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Go, call our Uncle to our preſence ſtrait:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.

Suf. I'll call him preſently, my noble Lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Lords, take your places: and, I pray you all,
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle *Glo'ſter*,
Than from true evidence, of good eſteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. *Mar.* God forbid, any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a Nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!

K. *Henry.* I thank thee: *(a)* Well, these words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk?*

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; *Glo'ster* is dead.

Q. *Mar.* Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[King *swoons.*

Q. *Mar.* How fares my lord? help, lords, the King is dead.

Som. [2] Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. *Mar.* Run, go, help, help: oh, *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. *Henry.* O heav'nly God!

Q. *Mar.* How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious *Henry*, comfort.

K. *Henry.* What, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk:
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster*'s dead.

2 *Rear up his body*, &c.] This line is not in the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

[*(a) Well.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *Nell.*]

Q. *Mar.*

Q. *Mar.* Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, moſt Chriſtian-like, laments his death.
And for myſelf, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-conſuming ſighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
Look pale as primroſe with blood-drinking ſighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I, how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd, I made the Duke away;
So ſhall my name with ſlander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes' Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. *Henry.* Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ſter*, wretched man!

Q. *Mar.* Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, doſt thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in *Glo'ſter*'s tomb?
Why, then, dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his ſtatue, and do worſhip to it,
And make my image but an ale-houſe ſign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the ſea,
And twice by adverſe winds from *England*'s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well-fore-warning winds
Did ſeem to ſay, ſeek not a ſcorpion's neſt;
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhoar.
What did I then? but curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards *England*'s bleſſed ſhoar,
Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer;
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhoar
With tears as ſalt as ſea, through thy unkindneſs.

The ſplitting rocks cow'r'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy Palace periſh *Margaret.*
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy ſhoar the tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm;
And when the duſky ſky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy Land's view,
I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
And threw it tow'rds thy land; the ſea receiv'd it,
And ſo, I wiſh'd, thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I loſt fair *England*'s view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albion*'s wiſhed Coaſt.
How often have I tempted *Suffolk*'s tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and *(a)* witch me, as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy?*
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not falſe like him?
Ah me, I can no more: dye, *Margaret!*
For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'ſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, Saliſbury, *and many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke *Humphry* traiterouſly is murther'd
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down;
And care not who they ſting in their revenge.
My ſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. *Henry.* That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not *Henry:*

[*(a) witch.* Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *watch.*]

Enter

Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corps,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.
War. That I ſhall do, my liege: ſtay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return. [Warwick *goes in.*
K. *Henry.* O thou, that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry*'s life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears:
To tell my love upon his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies.
[*Bed with* Glo'ſter's *body put forth.*
And to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
What were it, but to make my ſorrow greater?
War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.
K. *Henry.* That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
For, with his ſoul fled all my worldly ſolace;
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.
War. As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our ſtate upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curſe,
I do believe, that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue!
What inſtance gives lord *Warwick* for his vow?
War. See, how the blood is ſettled in his face.
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſs;
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To bluſh and beautify the cheek again.
But ſee, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd;

Staring full ghaſtly, like a ſtrangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for life; and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
Look on the ſheets; his hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd:
It cannot be, but he was murther'd here:
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.

Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who ſhould do the Duke to death?
Myſelf and *Beauford* had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry*'s death,
And you, forſooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feaſt him like a friend;
And 'tis well ſeen, he found an enemy.

Q. *Mar.* Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry*'s timeleſs death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an ax,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite ſoar with unbloodied beak?
Even ſo ſuſpicious is this tragedy.

Q. *Mar.* Are you the butcher, *Suffolk?* where's your knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a kite? where are his tallons?

Suf. I wear no knife to ſlaughter ſleeping men;
But here's a 'vengeful ſword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That ſlanders me with murther's crimſon badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, proud lord of *Warwickſhire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry*'s death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolk* dare him?

Q. *Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious ſpirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thouſand times.

War.

War. Madam, be ſtill; with rev'rence may I ſay;
For ev'ry word, you ſpeak in his behalf,
Is ſlander to your royal Dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord ſo much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some ſtern untutor'd churl; and noble ſtock
Was graft with crab-tree ſlip, whoſe fruit thou art;
And never of the *Nevills'* noble Race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Sovereign's preſence makes me mild,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy mother that thou meant'ſt; ——
That thou thy ſelf waſt born in baſtardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and ſend thy ſoul to hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men!

Suf. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
And do ſome ſervice to Duke *Humphry*'s ghoſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

K. *Henry.* What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, (though lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

Q. *Mar.* What noiſe is this?

Enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. *Henry.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our preſence! dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs lord *Suffolk* ſtrait be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair *England*'s territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Palace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humphry* died;
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs' death;
And mere inſtinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal Perſon,
That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,
Were there a ſerpent ſeen with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided tow'rds your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm might make the ſleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will or no,
From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe *Suffolk* is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhameſully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my lord of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like, the Commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their Sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To ſhew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the lord Ambaſſador

Sent

Sent from a ſort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. *Henry.* Go, *Saliſbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do entreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly propheſie
Miſchance unto my State by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy Deputy I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. *Mar.* Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. *Henry.* Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I ſay: if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But, when I ſwear, it is irrevocable;
If after three days ſpace thou here be'ſt found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world ſhall not be ranſom for thy life.
Come, *Warwick*; come, good *Warwick*; go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* K. Henry, Warwick, &c.

SCENE VIII.

Manent Suffolk, *and* Queen.

Q. *Mar.* Miſchance and ſorrow go along with you!
Heart's Diſcontent and ſour Affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your ſteps!

Suf. Ceaſe, gentle Queen, theſe execrations;
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. *Mar.* Fie, coward woman, and ſoft-hearted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter ſearching terms,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſigns of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathſome cave.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fixt on end like one diſtract:
Ay, ev'ry joint ſhould ſeem to curſe and ban.
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drink!
Gall, worſe than gall, the daintieſt meat they taſte!
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a grove of cypreſs trees!
Their chiefeſt proſpect murd'ring baſiliſks!
Their ſofteſt touch, as ſmart as lizards' ſtings!
Their muſick frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs!
And boading ſcreech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell———

Q. *Mar.* Enough, ſweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'ſt thyſelf;
And theſe dread curſes, like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting Cold would never let graſs grow.
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Q. *Mar.* Oh, let me entreat thee ceaſe; give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt think upon theſe, by the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but ſurmis'd, whilſt thou art ſtanding by:
As one that ſurfeits, thinking on a Want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,

Adventure

Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone ——
Oh, go not yet —— Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewel, and farewel life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the World itſelf;
With ev'ry ſev'ral pleaſure in the world:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more —— Live thou to joy thy life;
Myſelf no joy in aught but that thou liv'ſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Vaux.

Q. *Mar.* Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To ſignifie unto his Majeſty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry*'s ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometimes, he calls the King;
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul:
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. *Mar.* Go tell this heavy meſſage to the King. [*Exit* Vaux.
Ay me! what is this world? what news are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loſs,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears?

Theſe

Theirs for the earth's increaſe; mine for my ſorrows.
Now, get thee hence; the King, thou know'ſt, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
Where, from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes;
To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth:
So, ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul;
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body;
And then it liv'd in ſweet *Elyſium*.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt:
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
Oh! let me ſtay, befal what may befal.
Q. *Mar.* Away; though Parting be a fretful corroſive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To *France*, ſweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For whereſo'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris*, that ſhall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. *Mar.* And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'ſt caſket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplitted bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. *Mar.* This way for me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE X.

The Cardinal's *Bedchamber.*

Enter King Henry, Saliſbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Cardinal in Bed.*

K. *Henry.* HOW fares my lord? ſpeak, *Beauford*, to thy Sovereign.
Car. If thou beeſt Death, I'll give thee *England*'s treaſure,

Enough

Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. *Henry*. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
War. *Beauford*, it is thy Sovereign ſpeaks to thee.
Car. " Bring me unto my Tryal, when you will.
" Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
" Can I make men live whe're they will or no?
" Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs ——
" Alive again? then ſhew me, where he is:
" I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him ——
" He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them:
" Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
" Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul:
" Give me ſome drink, and bid th' apothecary
" Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
K. *Henry*. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the buſie, meddling, fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.
K. *Henry*. Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.
War. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
K. *Henry*. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt*.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Coaſt of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at ſea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, *and other Pirates, with* Suffolk *and other Priſoners.*

Cap. " THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day
" Is crept into the boſom of the ſea:
" And now loud howling wolves aroufe the jades,
" That drag the tragick melancholy night;
" Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
" Clip dead men's graves; and from their miſty jaws
" Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air.
Therefore bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize:
For whilſt our Pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
Here ſhall they make their ranſom on the ſand;
Or with their blood ſtain this diſcolour'd ſhore.
Maſter, this priſoner freely give I thee;
And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this:
The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy ſhare.

1 *Gent.* What is my ranſom, maſter, let me know?

Maſt. A thouſand crowns, or elſe lay down your head.

Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thouſand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats, for die you ſhall:
Nor can thoſe lives, which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with ſuch a petty ſum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore ſpare my life.

2 *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.

Whit. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, ſhalt thou die;
[*To* Suffolk.
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſom, let him live.

Suf. [1] Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman;

[1] *Look on my* George,] In the firſt Edition it is *my ring*.

Rate

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.——

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Ne'er yet did base Dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy prisoner is a Prince;
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole.*

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
[2] *Jove* sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King *Henry*'s blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom:
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret?*
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fal'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

2 Jove *sometimes went disguis'd*, &c.] This verse is omitted in all but the first old Edition, without which what follows is not sense. The next line also,

Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's *blood!*

was falsly put in the captain's mouth. Mr. *Pope.*

Whit.

Whit. Speak, Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?

Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt; and ſo art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's ſide, Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.

Cap. Poole, Sir *Poole?* lord?

Ay, kennel – puddle—ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver Spring where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing up the treaſure of the Realm;
Thy lips, that kiſs'd the Queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humphry*'s death;
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem!
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla,* over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were ſold to *France;*
The falſe revolting *Normans,* thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us lord; and *Picardie*
Hath ſlain their Governors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged ſoldiers wounded home.
The princely *Warwick,* and the *Nevills* all,
(Whoſe dreadful ſwords were never drawn in vain)
As hating thee, are riſing up in arms.
And now the Houſe of *York* (thruſt from the Crown
By ſhameful murther of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
Burns with revenging fire; whoſe hopeful Colours
Advance a half-fac'd Sun ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms:
And to conclude, Reproach, and Beggary
Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.——

Suf. O, that I were a God, to ſhoot forth thunder

Upon

Upon these paultry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
3 Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the Queen to *France*;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter——

Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pœnæ gelidus timor occupat artus: it's thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit; no; rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

(a) Suf. Come, Soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.
A *Roman* sworder and *Bandetto* slave
Murther'd sweet *Tully*; *Brutus*' bastard hand

3 *Than* Bargulus *the strong* Illyrian *Pirate.*] Mr. *Theobald* says, *This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what* LEGEND *our author derived his acquaintance with him.* And yet he is to be met with in *Tully*'s *Offices*; and the *Legend* is the famous *Theopompus*'s *History*. *Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.* lib. 2. cap. 11.

[*(a)* Suf. *Come, soldiers,* &c. *Oxford Editor*—Vulg. Cap. *Come, soldiers.*]

Stabb'd

Stabb'd *Julius Cæsar*; savage Islanders
Pompey the Great: And *Suffolk* dies by Pirates.
[*Exit* Walter Whitmore *with* Suffolk.

Cap. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Ex. Captain and the rest.*

Manet the first Gent. Enter Whitmore, *with the body.*

Whit. There let his head and liveless body lye,
Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit* Whit.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Southwark.

Enter Bevis *and* John Holland.

Bevis. COME, and get thee a sword though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in *England* since Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handy-crafts-men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's Council are no good workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it; for there's no better ſign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them; there's *Beſt*'s ſon, the Tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher: ———

Bevis. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver: ———

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick *the butcher*, Smith *the weaver, and a ſawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed Father ———

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command ſilence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer* ———

Dick. He was an honeſt man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet* ———

Dick. I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies* ———

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces.

Weav. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, ſhe waſhes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable houſe.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a houſe but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' muſt needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No queſtion of that; for I have ſeen him whipt three market days together.

Cade, I fear neither ſword nor fire.

Weav.

Weav. He need not fear the ſword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks he ſhould ſtand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for ſtealing of ſheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows reformation. There ſhall be in *England* ſeven half-penny loaves ſold for a penny; the three hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink ſmall beer. All the realm ſhall be in common, and in *Cheapſide* ſhall my palfry go to graſs; and when I am King, as King I will be ———

All. God ſave your Majeſty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There ſhall be no money; all ſhall eat and drink upon my ſcore; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worſhip me their lord.

Dick. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the ſkin of an innocent lamb ſhould be made parchment; that parchment being ſcribbled o'er, ſhould undo a man? Some ſay, the bee ſtings; but I ſay, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but ſeal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of *Chatham*; he can write and read, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He'as a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unleſs I find him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, ſirrah, I muſt examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick.

Dick. 4 They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and ink horn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make my self a knight presently? rise up, Sir *John Mortimer.* Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, *Dick* Butcher. Rise up, Sir *Dick* Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, *and young* Stafford, *with drum and soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of *Kent,*
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;
The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. *Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

4 *They use to write it on the top of letters:*] i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See *Mabillon*'s Diplomata.

Cade.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, [5] I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thy self a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. *Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this.——*Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March* married the Duke of *Clarence*'s daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. *Staf.* That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. *Staf.* *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go to, sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake *Henry* the fifth (in whose time boys went to spancounter for *French* crowns) I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord *Say*'s head, for selling the Dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puis-

[5] ——*I pass not*;] i. e. I regard not. A common phrase of that time. The *Oxford Editor* reads, *I pass them*.

sance

lance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can ſpeak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then; I aſk but this; can he, that ſpeaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counſellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. *Staf.* Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail,
Aſſail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*;
That thoſe, which fly before the battle ends,
May (even in their wives' and childrens' ſight)
Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* Staffords *with their Train.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoone,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt* Cade *and his party.*

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the* Staffords *are ſlain.*

Re-enter Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Aſhford?*

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thy ſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own ſlaughter houſe; therefore thus I will reward thee: the lent ſhall be as long as it is, and thou ſhalt have a licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs.

This

This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Black-Heath.

Enter King Henry *with a supplication, and Queen* Margaret *with* Suffolk's *head, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Say.

Q. *Mar.* OFT have I heard, that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body, that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. *Henry.* I'll send some holy bishop to intreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I my self,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. *Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandring planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. *Henry.* Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. *Henry.* How now, Madam?
Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldeſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. *Mar.* My love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *Henry.* How now? what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord: *Jack Cade* proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence*' houſe,
And calls your Grace uſurper openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. *Henry.* O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. *Mar.* Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe *Kentiſh* rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

K. *Henry.* Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ.* *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The citizens fly him, and forſake their houſes;
The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear
To ſpoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horſe.

K. *Henry.* Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will ſuccour us.

Q. *Mar.* My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. *Henry*. Farewel, my Lord; truſt not to *Kentiſh* rebels.

Buck. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Changes to London.

Enter Lord Scales *upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three citizens below.*

Scales. HOW now? is *Jack Cade* ſlain?

1 *Cit*. No, my Lord, nor like to be ſlain: for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid, as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them my ſelf.
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the *Tower*.
But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goff*.
Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *changes to* Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaff on* London-Stone.

Cade. NOW is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here ſitting upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's coſt the piſſing conduit run nothing but claret wine the firſt year of our reign. And now hence-forward it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a ſoldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Weav. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield.*

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but firſt go and ſet *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *changes to* Smithfield.

Alarum. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade *with his company.*

Cade. SO, Sirs: Now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy:* others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a Lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John,* it will be ſtinking law, for his breath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth ſhall be the parliament of *England.*

John. Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes, unleſs his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things ſhall be in common.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord *Say* which ſold the town in *France;* he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou *Say,* thou ſerge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our juriſdiction re-

gal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dauphin of *France?* be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the beſom that muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a grammar-ſchool; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and ſuch abominable words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed Juſtices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon; and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak, when honeſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

Dick. And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*———

Dick. What ſay you of *Kent?*

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks latin.

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle;
Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches.
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not *Maine*; I loſt not *Normandy*;
Yet, to recover them, would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never:

When

When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks;
Because my book preferr'd me to the King:
And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be possest with dev'lish spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's Causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsie, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see, if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding;
This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!——

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar under his tongue, he speaks not o' God's name. Go,

take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son in-law's house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them Both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, Country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peer of the Realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the City until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Southwark.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. UP *Fish-street*, down St. *Magnus'* Corner, kill and knock down; throw them into *Thames*. [*A Parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear?

Dare

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham *and old* Clifford, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them All,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, Country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so brave? and you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my sword therefore broke through *London*' gates, that you should leave me at the *White-hart* in *Southwark?* I thought, you would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recovered your ancient Freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade.*

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil;
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a ſtart o'er ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks, already in this civil broil
I ſee them lording it in *London* ſtreets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry;
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *Frenchman*'s mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your native coaſt.
[6] *Henry* hath mercy, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

All. A *Clifford!* a *Clifford!* we'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurprize me. My ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying; in deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the very midſt of you; and heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only my followers baſe and ignominious treaſons make me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him.
And he, that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
To reconcile you All unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VIII.

The Palace at Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. *Enter King* Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and* Somerſet *on the Terras.*

K. *Henry.* WAS ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,

[6] Henry *hath* MONEY,] We ſhould read MERCY.

But

But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. *Henry.* Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your highness' doom of life or death.

K. *Henry.* Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*;
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array:
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. *Henry.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and *York* distrest;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
7 Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.

But

7 *Is straitway* claim'd *and boarded with a pirate.*] So the Editions read; and one would think it plain enough; alluding to *York*'s *claim* to the crown. *Cade*'s head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempest*,

But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men dispers'd;
And now is *York* in arms to second him.
I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
Tell him, I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*;
And, *Somerset*, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismist from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. *Henry.* In any case be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. *Henry.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may *England* curse my wretched Reign.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A Garden in KENT.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. FIE on ambitions; fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather; and, I think, this word sallet was born to do

pest, as *York*'s premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But see what it is to be critical; Mr. *Theobald* says, *claim'd* should be *calm'd*, because a *calm* frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It may be so; but not here, if the King's word may be taken: who expressly says, that no sooner was *Cade* driven back, but *York* appear'd in arms,

But now is Cade *driv'n back, his men dispers'd;*
And now is York *in arms to second him.*

me

me good; for many a time, [8] but for a ſallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word ſallet muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet Walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax Great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, That I have maintains my ſtate;
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the ſoil come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entring his fee-ſimple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thouſand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an oſtridge, and ſwallow my ſword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatſoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat theſe five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid while *England* ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden*, an Eſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:

8 *but for a ſallet, my brain-pan,* &c.] A *ſallet* by corruption from *calata*, a helmet, (ſays *Skinner*) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt.* Mr. *Pope.*

Thy

Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt;
Thy leg a ſtick, compared with this truncheon.
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
(a) As for more words, let this my ſword report
(Whoſe greatneſs anſwers words) what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the moſt compleat champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd Clown in chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my knees thou may'ſt be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*] O I am ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me; let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe; becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.
Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour which thy maſter got.

Cade. Iden, farewel, and be proud of thy victory: tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heaven be my judge!
Die damned wretch, the Curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[(a) *As for more words, let this my ſword report*, &c. *Oxford Editor* —— Vulg. *As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words*, &c.]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

In the Fields near London.

Enter York, *and his army of* Iriſh, *with drum and colours.*

York. FROM *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his Right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henry*'s head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great *England*'s lawful King!
Ah Majeſty! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a ſword, or ſcepter, ballance it.
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul,
On which I'll toſs the Flower-de-luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buck. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?

Buck. A meſſenger from *Henry* our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Arms in Peace?
Or why, thou, being a Subject as I am,
Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the Court?

York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great.
Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms.
And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury. } *Aſide.*
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make fair weather yet a while
'Till *Henry* be more weak and I more ſtrong.

O *Buck-*

O *Buckingham!* I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cauſe, why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the State.

Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine Honour is he priſoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honour, he is priſoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my Powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to morrow in St. *George*'s field,
You ſhall have Pay, and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon, nay, all my ſons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs' tent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the King's Pavilion.

Enter King Henry, *and Attendants.* *Re-enter* Buckingham *and* York, *attended.*

K. *Henry.* BUckingham, doth *York* intend no Harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all ſubmiſſion, and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.

K. *Henry.* Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

York. To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebel *Cade*;
Whom, ſince, I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter

Enter Iden *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
May paſs into the preſence of a King,
Lo, I preſent your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.

K. *Henry.* The head of *Cade?* great God! how juſt art thou?
O, let me view his viſage being dead,
That, living, wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that ſlew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

Buck. So pleaſe it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.

K. *Henry. Iden*, kneel down; riſe up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thouſand marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerſet.

K. *Henry.* See, *Buckingham, Somerſet* comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. *Mar.* For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet?*
Falſe King! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.

That

That head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.
That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown (like to *Achilles'* ſpear)
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling laws:
Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, *York*,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crown;
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail;
[1] Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me aſk of theſe,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to Ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.

Q. *Mar.* Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, *England*'s bloody ſcourge!
The Sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to thoſe
That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.

Enter Edward *and* Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. *Mar.* And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all Happineſs to my lord the King!

York. I thank thee, *Clifford*; ſay, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

[1] *Would'ſt have me kneel? Firſt, let me aſk of theſe,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man,
Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail.] As theſe lines have hitherto ſtood, I think the ſenſe perplex'd and obſcure. I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe them, and make a ſlight alteration.

We

We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not miſtake;
But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?
K. *Henry.* Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King.
Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Q. *Mar.* He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, ſons?
E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will ſerve.
R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?
York. Look in a glaſs, and call thy image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart traitor;
Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,
That with the very ſhaking of their chains
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking curs;
Bid *Saliſbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and* Saliſbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting-place.
R. Plan. Oft have I ſeen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held;
Who, being ſuffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
If you oppoſe yourſelves to match lord *Warwick*.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
York. Nay, we ſhall heat you thorowly anon.

Clif.

Clif. Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn your ſelves.

K. *Henry.* Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old *Saliſbury*, ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
Thou mad miſ-leader of thy brain-ſick ſon,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
Why, art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to *England*'s royal Seat.

K. *Henry.* Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. *Henry.* Canſt thou diſpenſe with heav'n for ſuch an oath?

Sal. It is great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin;
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?

Q. *Mar.* A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.

K. *Henry.* Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himſelf.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

War. You were beſt go to bed and dream again,

To

To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm
Than any thou canſt conjure up to day:
And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy Houſe's Badge.
War. Now by my father's Badge, old *Nevil*'s Creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And ſo to Arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
R. Plan. Fie, charity for ſhame, ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Jeſu Chriſt to night.
Y. Clif. Foul ſtigmatick, that's more than thou canſt tell.
R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll ſurely ſup in hell.
[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. CLifford of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
(Now when the angry trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dying men's cries do fill the empty air,)
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* ſlew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,

And

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, *Warwick:* seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then nobly, *York*; 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* War.
Clif. What seest thou in me, *York?* why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave Bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy Prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in Justice and true Right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!——
York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly.
[*Fight.*
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder; and disorder wounds,
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier flie.
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; for he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*

And

[2] And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe! Waſt thou ordained, O dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſed age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this ſight
My heart is turn'd to ſtone; and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. *York* not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their babes: Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an Infant of the Houſe of *York*,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
As wild *Medea* young *Abſyrtus* did.
In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford*'s Houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* bear,
So I bear thee upon my manly ſhoulders;
But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his Father.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerſet, *to fight.*

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerſet *is kill'd.*
For underneath an ale-houſe' paltry Sign,
The Caſtle in St. *Albans*, *Somerſet*
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
[*Exit* Richard Plantagenet.

2 *And the* premiſed *flames*——] *Premiſed*, for ſent before their time. The ſenſe is, let the flames reſerved for the laſt day be ſent now.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Fight. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and others.*

Q. *Mar.* Away, my lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away.

K. *Henry.* Can we out-run the heav'ns! good *Marg'ret,* ſtay.

Q. *Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We ſhall to *London* get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy, ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt: incurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts [3] of all our preſent party.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of *Saliſbury,* who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions [4] and all bruiſe of time;
And, like a Gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occaſion. This happy day

3 — *of all our preſent* PARTS.] We ſhould read, PARTY.
4 —— *and all* BRUSH *of time;*] We ſhould read, BRUISE.

Is

Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
If *Saliſbury* be loſt.
R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to day I holp him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perſuaded him from any further act:
But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
And, like rich Hangings in an homely houſe,
So was his Will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to day;
By th' Maſs, ſo did we all. I thank you, *Richard.*
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got That which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.
York. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London,*
To call a preſent Court of Parliament.
Let us purſue him, ere the Writs go forth.
What ſays lord *Warwick,* ſhall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. *Albans'* battle, won by famous *York,*
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

THE

The THIRD PART of K. *HENRY* VI.

With the DEATH of the DUKE of *YORK*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.

Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of* Wales.

Duke of Somerſet,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Exeter,
Earl of Weſtmorland,
Lord Clifford,
} *Lords of King* Henry's *ſide.*

Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King* Henry VII.

Richard, *Duke of* York.

Edward, *Eldeſt Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Edward IV.

George, *Duke of* Clarence, *ſecond Son to the Duke of* York.

Richard, *Duke of* Gloucester, *third Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Richard III.

Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland, *youngeſt Son to the Duke of* York.

Duke of Norfolk,
Marquiſs of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Saliſbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *Of the Duke of* York's *Party.*

Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *Uncles to the Duke of* York.

Sir William Stanley, *afterwards Earl of* Derby.

Lord Rivers, *Brother to the Lady* Gray.

Sir John Montgomery.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Somerville.

Humphry *and* Sinklo, *two Huntſmen.*

Lewis, *King of* France.

Bourbon, *Admiral of* France.

Queen Margaret.

Bona, *Siſter to the* French *King.*

Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir* John Gray, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, *and King* Edward.

In Part of the Third Act, the SCENE *is laid in* France; *during all the reſt of the Play, in* England.

[1] The Third Part of King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Soldiers.*

Warwick.

I Wonder, how the King escap'd our hands!

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord *Clifford*, and lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford*'s father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire*'s blood;
Whom I encounter'd, as the battles join'd;

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—
[*Throwing down the Duke of* Somerset's *Head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my Sons:

[1] *The third part*] First printed under the title of *the true tragedy of* Richard *Duke of* York, *and the good King* Henry *the sixth, or the second part of the Contention between* York *and* Lancaster, 1590. Mr. *Pope.*

Is his Grace dead, my lord of *Somerset?*

Norf. Such hope have all the line of *John* of *Gaunt!*

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry*'s head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of *York*,
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by heav'n, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal Seat; possess it, *York*;
For this is thine, and not King *Henry*'s heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*; stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence;
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks, we shall be of her Council;
By words or blows here let us win our Right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King;
And bashful *Henry* depos'd; whose cowardise
Hath made us By-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not; my lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my Right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*; root him up, who dare:
Resolve thee, *Richard*; claim the *English* Crown.

SCENE II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmorland, Exeter, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* My lords, look where the sturdy Rebel sits,
Even in the chair of State; belike, he means

(Back'd

(Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that falſe Peer,)
T'aſpire unto the Crown, and reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland*, he ſlew thy father;
And thine, Lord *Clifford*; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his fav'rites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in ſteel.
Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. *Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earl of *Weſtmorland.*
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch is he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the Parliament
Let us aſſail the Family of *York.*
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin, be it ſo.
K. *Henry.* Ah! know you not, the City favours them,
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the Duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly.
K. *Henry.* Far be the thought of this from *Henry*'s heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament-houſe.
Couſin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to uſe.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, deſcend my Throne;
[*To the Duke.*
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.
York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.
Exe. For ſhame come down: he made thee Duke of *York.*
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Kingdom is.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping *Henry.*
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural King?
War. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard* Duke of *York.*
K. *Henry.* And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thyſelf.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be King.
Weſt. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaſter*;
And that the lord of *Weſtmorland* ſhall maintain.
War. And *Warwick* ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with Colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the Palace-gates.
North. No, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief,
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwick*, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death before I ſtir.
War. Poor *Clifford!* how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats.
York. Will you, we ſhew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
K. *Henry.* What Title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the ſon of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of *France*, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. *Henry.* The lord Protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you loſe:
Father, tear the Crown from the Uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.
York. Sons, peace.
K. *Henry.* Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to ſpeak.

War.

War. *Plantagenet* shall speak first: hear him, lords,
And be you silent and attentive too;
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
K. *Henry.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly Throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their Colours, often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding sheet: why faint you, lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.
K. *Henry.* *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.
K. *Henry.* I know not what to say, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. *Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?
Exe. No, for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. *Henry.* Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter?*
Exe. His is the Right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful King.
K. *Henry.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the Claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of thee.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern Power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father!

K. *Henry.* Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of *Lancaster*, resign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill this House with armed men;
And, o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me but reign in Quiet, while I live.

York. Confirm the Crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. *Henry.* I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to *England* and himself?

West. Base, fearful and despairing *Henry!*

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, Cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*;
And die in bands for this unmanly deed! ———

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! ———

[*Exeunt* Nor. Clif. Westm.

SCENE III.

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. *Henry.* Ah, *Exeter!* ——

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Not for myſelf, Lord *Warwick*, but my ſon;
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it, as it may; I here entail
The Crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this Civil War; and, whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Sovereign:
Neither by treaſon nor hoſtility
To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry! Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. *Henry*. And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!

York. Now *York* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurſt be he, that ſeeks to make them foes!

[*Sonet. Here they come down.*

York. Farewel, my gracious lord, I'll to my Caſtle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my ſoldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the ſea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* York. War. Norf. *and* Mont.

K. *Henry*. And I with grief and ſorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger:
I'll ſteal away.

K. *Henry*. So, *Exeter*, will I. [*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee —

K. *Henry*. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will ſtay.

Queen. Who can be patient in ſuch extreams?
Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,
And never ſeen thee, never borne thee ſon,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,

Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. *Henry.* Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak; ah, tim'rous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the House of *York* such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and's heirs unto the Crown,
What is it but to make thy Sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the lord of *Calais*;
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas;
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe?—— such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed;
Until that act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the House of *York*.
Thus I do leave thee; come, Son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. *Henry.* Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. *Henry.* Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.——

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll

I'll see your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*

K. *Henry.* Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
[2] Will cost my crown; and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, Cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Sandal-*Castle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, *and* Montague.

Rich. BROTHER, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;
The Crown of *England*, father; which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a Kingdom any oath may be broken:

[2] *Will* COST *my crown*;—] Read COAST, i. e. hover over it.

I'd

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate;
That hath authority o'er him, that swears.
Henry had none; but did usurp the place.
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore, to arms: and, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown;
Within whose circuit is *Elysium*,
And all that Poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white Rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry*'s heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, shall unto my lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my lord.

York.

York. Ay, —— with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me;
My brother *Montague* ſhall poſt to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry* nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit* Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer, *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to beſiege us.
Sir *John.* She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thouſand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's General; what ſhould we fear?
[*A March afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums: let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth and bid them battle ſtrait.
York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle betwixt Sandal-*Caſtle and* Wakefield.

Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

Rut. AH, whither ſhall I fly, to 'ſcape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look, where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life;
As

As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.
Tutor. Ah! *Clifford*, murther not this innocent child,
Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, drag'd off.*
Clif. How now? is he dead already? or, is it fear
That makes him cloſe his eyes? I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And ſo he walks inſulting o'er his prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threatning look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me ſpeak before I die:
I am too mean a Subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, coape with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not Revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *York*
Is as a Fury to torment my ſoul:
And 'till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——
Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray——ſweet *Clifford*, pity me.
Clif. Such pity, as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou ſlay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas, ere I was born.
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt in revenge thereof, (ſith God is juſt)

He

He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days,
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe!
Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die. [Clif. *ſtabs him.*
Rut. [3] *Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ!* [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet, I come, *Plantagenet!*
And this thy ſon's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter Richard *Duke of* York.

York. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:
My Uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn Back, and fly like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My Sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to Renown, by life or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of thoſe, that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, a Crown, or elſe a glorious tomb,
A Scepter or an earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a Swan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Ah! hark, the fatal followers do purſue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury,

3 *Dii faciant*, &c.—] Ovid.

And

And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The ſands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *the Prince of* Wales, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more Rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

North. Yield to our Mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*

Clif. Ay, to ſuch Mercy as his ruthleſs arm
With downright payment ſhew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that Hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So Doves do peck the Falcon's piercing talons;
So deſp'rate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.

York. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that ſlanders him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*; for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou, *Northumberland.*

North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
[4] It is war's praiſe to take all vantages;

4 *It is war's* PRIZE——] Read PRAISE.

And

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*In the Struggle* York *is taken Prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matcht.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you, that would be *England*'s King?
Was't you, that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd Prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Look, *York*; I stain'd this napkin with the blood,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor *York*; but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine Entrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland*'s death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*—and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a Paper Crown on his head.*

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
Ay, this is he, that took King *Henry*'s chair;

And

And this is he, was his adopted heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be King
'Till our King *Henry* had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in *Henry*'s Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
Off with the Crown; and with the Crown, his head;
And whilst we breathe, take him to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the Oraisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves of *France*,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchangeing,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless:
Thy father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unless the adage must be verify'd,
" That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death."
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God, he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the *Septentrion*.

Oh,

Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to wear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
Bidſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy will.
Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will.
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhow'rs,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
Theſe tears are my ſweet *Rutland*'s obſequies;
And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee, fell *Clifford*; and thee, falſe *French* woman.

North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo;
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry Canibals
Would not have touch'd, [5] would not have ſtain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrcania*.
See, ruthleſs Queen, a hapleſs father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears,
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears.
And ſay, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!——
There, take the crown; and, with the crown my curſe.

5 *Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juſt* WITH BLOOD:] So the ſecond folio nonſenſically reads the paſſage; but the old quarto, and firſt folio editions of better authority have it thus,

That face of his the hungry canibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood.

And this is ſenſe. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common underſtanding ſhould reject this, and faſten upon the nonſenſe of a later edition only becauſe it afforded matter for conjecture: And yet Mr. *Theobald* will needs correct, *roſes juſt with blood*, to *roſes juic'd with blood*, that is, change one blundering Editor's nonſenſe for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expreſſed,

Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juſt in bud.

And this the *Oxford Editor* hath eſpouſed.

And

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.
[*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his head and set it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the Town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's *Cross in* Wales.

A March. *Enter* Edward, Richard, *and their Power.*

Edw. I Wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford*'s and *Northumberland*'s pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right-valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled *Clifford* forth;
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a Lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,

The

The reſt ſtand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
[1] Methinks, 'tis pride enough to be his ſon.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun;
How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;
Not ſeparated with the racking clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee, they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs;
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother to the field;
That we the ſons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave, I ſpeak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?

Meſ. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *York* was ſlain;
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. Oh, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.

Meſ. Environed he was with many foes,

[1] *Methinks, 'tis* PRIZE *enough to be his ſon.*] The old quarto reads PRIDE, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this.

And

And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many ſtroaks, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon!
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay.
Oh *Clifford*, boiſt'rous *Clifford!* thou haſt ſlain
The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt!
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, oh never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen:
For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breaſt;
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death;
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagle's bird,

Shew

Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

SCENE II.

March. *Enter* Warwick, *Marquis of* Montague, *and their army.*

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our flesh 'till all were told;
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. O *Warwick! Warwick!* That *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befaln.
After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends;
March'd towards St. *Albans* t'intercept the Queen;
Bearing the King in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King *Henry*'s oath, and your succession:
Short tale to make, we at St. *Albans* met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of *Clifford*'s rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,

I cannot

I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our ſoldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thraſher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay and great reward;
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight;
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk* and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick?*
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England?*

War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind aunt, Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*,
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
But ne'er, 'till now, his ſcandal of retire.

War. Nor now my ſcandal, *Richard*, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right hand of mine
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry*'s head,
And wring the awful ſcepter from his fiſt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*; blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbring our *Ave Maries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay, ay; and to it, Lords.

War.

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to ſeek you out:
And therefore comes my brother *Montague.*
Attend me, Lords: the proud inſulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſie-melting King, like wax.
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath inrolled in the parliament:
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of *Lancaſter.*
Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk* and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,
Amongſt the loving *Welſhmen* canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand:
Why, *Via!* to *London* will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes!——
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great *Warwick* ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine-day,
That cries, retire,——if *Warwick* bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy ſhoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*;
The next degree is *England*'s royal throne:
For King of *England* ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In ev'ry borough as we paſs along:
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then ſtrike up, drums; God and St. *George* for us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?

Meſ. The Duke of *Norfolk* ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.

War. Why then it ſorts; brave warriors, let's away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Changes to YORK.

Enter King Henry, *the Queen,* Clifford, Northumberland, *and the Prince of* Wales, *with Drums, and Trumpets.*

Queen. WElcome, my Lord, to this brave town of *York.*
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſt with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. *Henry.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their wreck;
To ſee this ſight, it irks my very ſoul:
With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide:
To whom do Lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt, that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that the foreſt Bear doth lick?
Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown;
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his ſon a King;
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;

Thou

Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings,
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your preſident.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away!
Ah, what a ſhame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. *Henry*. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
[2] That things ill-got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As brings a thouſand-fold more care to keep,
Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
Ah, Couſin *York*; 'would, thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your ſpirits, our foes are nigh;
And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint;
You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon,

2 *That things ill-got had* ever *bad ſucceſs?*] The *Oxford* Editor is ſcandalized at the harſhneſs of this maxim, and therefore ſoftens it thus,

That things ill-gotten have had *bad ſucceſs.*

Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. *Henry*. *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a Knight;
And learn this leſſon, draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs;
For, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highneſs would depart the field:
The Queen hath beſt ſucceſs, when you are abſent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. *Henry*. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, St. *George*.

SCENE IV.

March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers*.

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And ſet thy Diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy ſovereign and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he ſhall bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You

You that are King, though he doth wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak.
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.
Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. *Albans* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.
Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.——
Break off the parle, for scarce I can refrain
The Execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou did'st kill our tender brother *Rutland:*
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. *Henry.* Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me speak.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford*'s manhood lyes upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For *York* in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Who ever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire or dam,
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided;
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless Callat know herself.
Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon*'s brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd sedition on his Crown at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claim until another age.
Cla. But when we saw, our sun-shine made thy spring,

And

And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,
We ſet the ax to thy uſurping root;
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy Growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this reſolution I defie thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either victory, or elſe a Grave.

Queen. Stay, *Edward* ——

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer ſtay:
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle at Ferribridge *in* Yorkſhire.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. FOre-ſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinews of their ſtrength;
And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter Edward *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and *Edward*'s Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?

Edw. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?

Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the ſteely point of *Clifford*'s lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
(Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoaking blood,
The noble Gentleman gave up the ghoſt.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jeſt by counterfeiting Actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
'Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me meaſure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my ſoul with thine.
And ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up, and plucker down of Kings!
Beſeeching thee, (if with thy will it ſtands
That to my foes this body muſt be prey)
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!——
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again;
Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe;
That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.

War. Away, away: once more, ſweet lords, farewel.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly, that will not ſtay;
And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
And, if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards,
As Victors wear at the *Olympian* Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,

For

For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excursions. *Enter* Richard, *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone;
Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father *York*,
And this the hand, that slew thy brother *Rutland*;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death;
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself:
And so, have at thee.

They fight. Warwick *enters*, Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay, *Warwick*, single out some other chase,
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. *Enter King* Henry *alone.*

K. *Henry.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead, if God's good will were so:

For what is in this world but grief and woe?
' O God! methinks, it were a happy life
' To be no better than a homely swain;
' To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
' To carve out dials queintly, point by point,
' Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
' How many makes the hour full compleat,
' How many hours bring about the day,
' How many days will finish up the year,
' How many years a mortal man may live.
' When this is known, then to divide the time;
' So many hours, must I tend my flock;
' So many hours, must I take my rest;
' So many hours, must I contemplate;
' So many hours, must I sport myself;
' So many days, my ewes have been with young;
' So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
' So many months, ere I shall sheer the fleece:
' So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
' Past over, to the end they were created,
' Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son, that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.——
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight

May

May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns;
And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
From *London* by the King was I preſt forth;
My father, being the Earl of *Warwick*'s man,
Came on the part of *York*, preſt by his maſter;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. *Henry*. O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee: is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only ſon!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miſerable age!
What ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
[3] O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,

And

3 *O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,*] Becauſe had he been born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

And

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. *Henry.* Woe above woe; grief, more than common grief;
O, that my death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
The one his purple blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, preſenteth:
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?

Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?

K. *Henry.* How will the country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-think the King, and not be ſatisfy'd?

Son. Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?

K. *Henry.* Was ever King, ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe?
Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit.*

Fath. Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go.
My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell:
And ſo obſequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
For I have murther'd, where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit.*

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.] i. e. he ſhould have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and ſon thus miſerable. This is the ſenſe, ſuch as it is, of the two lines; however an indifferent ſenſe was better than none, as it is brought to by the *Oxford* Editor by reading the lines thus,

O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too ſoon.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here ſits a King more woful than you are.

SCENE VIII.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, *and* Exeter,

Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, toward *Berwick* poſt amain.
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteel graſpt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed:
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

K. *Henry.* Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it laſted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaſter!* I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee.

[*Falling.*

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſ-proud *York*.
The common People ſwarm like ſummer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the Sun?
And who ſhines now, but *Henry*'s enemies?
O *Phœbus!* hadſt thou never giv'n conſent

That

That *Phaeton* ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning Car had never ſcorch'd the earth:
And *Henry*, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the Houſe of *York*,
They never then had ſprung like ſummer flies.
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs Realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadſt kept thy Chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh Weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight.
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity:
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much Effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*; *Warwick*, and the reſt;
I ſtabb'd your fathers' boſoms; ſplit my breaſt.

[*He faints.*

Alarum, and Retreat. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords, good fortune bids us pauſe,
And ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops purſue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Sail, fill'd with a fretting guſt,
Command an Argoſie to ſtem the waves.
But think you, lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeak the word,
Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave;
And whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.

[Clifford *groans.*

Rich. Whoſe ſoul is that which takes her hearty leave?
A deadly groan, like *(a)* life, in death, departing.
See who it is.

[*(a) life, in death.* Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *life and death.*]

Edw.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford's*;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth;
But set his murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, Duke of *York*.
War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for Measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our House,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think, his understanding is bereft:
Speak, *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.
Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.
War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.
Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
That I in all despight might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to *London* with triumphant March,
There to be crowned *England*'s royal King:
From whence shall *Warwick* cut the sea to *France*,
And ask the lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
And having *France* thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz t'offend thine ears.
First, will I see the Coronation;
And then to *Britany* I'll cross the sea,
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my Seat:
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel, and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*;
And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Glo'ster*;
For *Glo'ster*'s Dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster:* now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo *and* Humphry, *with cross bows in their hands.*

Sink. UNder this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the Deer will come;

And

And in this covert we will make our Stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.
Hum. I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
Sink. That cannot be: the noiſe of thy croſs-bow
Will ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt.
And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.
Hum. Here comes a man, let's ſtay 'till he be paſt.

Enter King Henry *with a prayer-book.*

K. *Henry.* From *Scotland* am I ſtol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight:
No, *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſcepter wrung from thee;
Thy balm waſht off, wherewith thou waſt anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for Right:
No, not a man comes for redreſs to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?
Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's ſeize upon him.
K. *Henry.* Let me embrace theſe ſour Adverſities;
For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.
K. *Henry.* My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for aid:
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's Siſter
To wife for *Edward.* If this news be true,
Poor Queen and Son! your labour is but loſt:
For *Warwick* is a ſubtle orator:
And *Lewis*, a Prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his breaſt;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The Tyger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn;
And *Nero* would be tainted with remorſe,

To

To hear, and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for *Henry*;
He, on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and says, her *Henry* is depos'd;
He smiles, and says, his *Edward* is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more!
While *Warwick* tells his Title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her;
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen, and support King *Edward*'s place.
O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and Queens?

K. *Henry*. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st, as if thou wert a King.

K. *Henry*. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?

K. *Henry*. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds and *Indian* Stones;
Not to be seen: my Crown is call'd *Content*;
A Crown it is, that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. *Henry*. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. *Henry*. Where did you dwell, when I was King of *England*?

Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.

K. *Henry*. I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true Subjects unto me:

And

And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No, we were subjects but while you were King.

K. *Henry.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of You common men.
But do not break your oaths, for of that sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded;
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King, King *Edward.*

K. *Henry.* So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. *Henry.* In God's name lead, your King's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, *and Lady* Gray.

K. *Edw.* BRother of *Glo'ſter*, at St. *Albans* field
This lady's huſband, [1] Sir *John Gray*, was ſlain,
His land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her ſuit is now to repoſſeſs thoſe lands,

1 *Sir* John Gray.] Vid. *Hall*, 3d year of *Edw.* IV. folio 5. It was hitherto falſly printed *Richard*. Mr. *Pope*.

Which

Which we in juſtice cannot well deny;
Becauſe, in quarrel of the Houſe of *York*,
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.
Glo. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her ſuit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.
K. *Edw.* It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.
Glo. Yea! is it ſo?
I ſee, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble ſuit.
Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!
Glo. Silence.
K. *Edw.* Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.
Gray. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now?
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfy me.
Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
Clar. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.
Glo. God forbid That! for he'll take vantages.
K. *Edw.* How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.
Gray. Three, my moſt gracious lord.
Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. *Edw.* 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their father's lands.
Glo. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. *Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave;
'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
K. *Edw.* Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?
Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

K. *Edw.* Then get your huſband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.

K. *Edw.* I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.

Gray. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſs' ſervice.

K. *Edw.* What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command, that reſts in me to do.

K. *Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon?

Gray. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. *Edw.* Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.

Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt.

Gray. Why ſtops my lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?

K. *Edw.* An eaſie taſk, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a Subject.

K. *Edw.* Why then, thy huſband's lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a curtſie.

K. *Edw.* But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. *Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another ſenſe.
What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

Gray. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. *Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.

Gray. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. *Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.

K. *Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in priſon.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy huſband's lands.

Gray. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.

K. *Edw.* Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, or with ay, or no.

K. *Edw.* Ay; if thou wilt ſay, Ay, to my requeſt: No; if thou doſt ſay, No, to my demand.

Gray. Then, No, my lord; my ſuit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntſt wooer in Chriſtendom.

K. *Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty.
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty;
One way, or other, ſhe is for a King;
And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious lord;
I am a Subject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. *Edw.* Sweet Widow, by my State I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen;
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. *Edw.* You cavil, Widow; I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my ſons ſhould call you father.

K. *Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other Some: why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many ſons.

Anſwer

Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.

Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift.

K. *Edw.* Brothers, you muſe what Chat we two have had.

Glo The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.

K. *Edw.* You'd think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. *Edw.* Why, *Clarence*, to myſelf.

Glo. That would be ten days' Wonder at the leaſt.

Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder laſts.

Glo. By ſo much is the Wonder in extreams.

K. *Edw.* Well, jeſt on, Brothers; I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought your priſoner to your Palace-gate.

K. *Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, Brothers, to the man that took him,
To queſtion of his Apprehenſion.
Widow, go you along; Lords, uſe her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet Glouceſter.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will uſe women honourably.
'Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my ſoul's deſire and me,
(The luſtful *Edward*'s Title buried)
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his ſon young *Edward*;
And all th' unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myſelf.
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
Why, then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpyes a far-off ſhore where he would tread,

Wiſhing

Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh, the Crown being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo (I ſay) I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impoſſible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden Crowns.
Why, Love forſwore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Then ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear ſuch
As are of better perſon than myſelf;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the Crown;
And, while I live, t'account this world but Hell,
Until the miſ-ſhap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round-impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I, (like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,

But

But toiling desp'rately to find it out)
Torment myself to catch the *English* Crown.
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile;
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors, than the Mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers, than the Basilisk;
I'll play the orator, as well as *Nestor*;
Deceive more slily, than *Ulysses* could;
And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy:*
I can add colours ev'n to the Camelion;
Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
[2] And set th' aspiring *Catiline* to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, *Lady* Bona, Bourbon, Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Queen* Margaret, *and the Earl of* Oxford. Lewis *sits, and riseth up again.*

K. *Lew.* FAIR Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* sits.
Queen. No, mighty King of *France*; now *Margaret*
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great *Albion*'s Queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my Title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conform myself.

2 *And set the* murth'rous Machiavel *to school.*] As this is an Anachronism, and the old quarto reads,
And set th' aspiring Catiline *to school,*
I don't know why it should not be preferr'd.

K. *Lew.* Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears;
And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. *Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoak, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a King, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Usurps the regal Title, and the Seat
Of *England*'s true-anointed lawful King.
This is the cause, that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my son Prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our People and our Peers are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. *Lew.* Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm;
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. *Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. [3] O, but impatience, waiting, rues to morrow.
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

SCENE

3 *O, but impatience* WAITETH ON TRUE SORROW.
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.] How does *impatience*, more particularly, *wait on true sorrow?* On the contrary, such sorrow as the Queen's, which came gradually on, through a long

SCENE V.

Enter Warwick.

K. *Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our Presence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward*'s greateſt friend.

K. *Lew.* Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France?* [*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*

Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindneſs and unfeigned love)
Firſt to do greetings to thy royal perſon,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady *Bona*, thy fair ſiſter,
To *England*'s King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If That go forward, *Henry*'s hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to* Bona.
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and lady *Bona*, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honeſt love,

long courſe of misfortunes, is generally leſs impatient than that of thoſe who have fallen into ſudden miſeries. The true reading ſeems to be,

O, but impatience, WAITING, RUES TO MORROW:
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

i. e. When impatience waits and ſolicits for redreſs, there is nothing ſhe ſo much dreads as being put off 'till to *morrow*, (a proverbial expreſſion for procraſtination.) This was a very proper reply to what the King ſaid laſt, and in a ſentiment worthy of the poet. A rhime too is added as was cuſtomary with him, at the cloſing a ſcene.

But from deceit bred by neceſſity:
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liveth ſtill; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henry*'s ſon.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
For tho' Uſurpers ſway the Rule a while,
Yet heav'ns are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret!*——

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince, than ſhe is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* diſannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spain*;
And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;
And, after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his Proweſs conquered all *France*:
From theſe our *Henry* lineally deſcends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the ſixth hath loſt
All That which *Henry* the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, theſe Peers of *France* ſhould ſmile at That.
But, for the reſt; you tell a Pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years, a ſilly time
To make Preſcription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and ſix years,
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the Right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father;
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, *Warwick*, no; while life upholds this arm,

This

This arm upholds the Houſe of *Lancaſter.*
War. And I the Houſe of *York.*
K. *Lew.* Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchſafe at our requeſt to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe farther conference with *Warwick.*
Queen. Heav'ns grant, that *Warwick*'s words bewitch him not! [*They ſtand aloof.*
K. *Lew.* Now, *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy conſcience,
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him, that were not lawful choſen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. *Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
K. *Lew.* Then further; all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
Unto our ſiſter *Bona.*
War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a Monarch like himſelf:
Myſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,
4 That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;
Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,
Unleſs the lady *Bona* quit his pain.
K. *Lew.* Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.
Bona. Your Grant, or your Denial, ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſs, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to* War.
When I have heard your King's deſert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.
K. *Lew.* Then, *Warwick*, this: our ſiſter ſhall be *Edward*'s.
And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King muſt make,
Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witneſs,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to th' *Engliſh* King.

4 *That this his love was an* EXTERNAL *plant,*] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*: Alluding to the plants of *Paradiſe.*

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *Engliſh* King.
Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my ſuit;
Before thy Coming, *Lewis* was *Henry*'s friend.
K. *Lew.* And ſtill is friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward*'s good ſucceſs;
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
That your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in *Scotland* at his eaſe,
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than *France*.
Queen. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace!
Proud ſetter-up and puller-down of Kings!
I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſly conveyance, and thy lord's falſe love:
[*Poſt, blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.
K. *Lew. Warwick*, this is ſome Poſt to us, or thee.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. My lord Ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you;
[*To* Warwick.
Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.
Theſe, from our King unto your Majeſty.
[*To King* Lewis.
And, Madam, theſe for you; from whom I know not.
[*To the Queen. They all read their Letters.*
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.
Prince, Nay, mark, how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were nettled.
I hope, all's for the beſt.

K. *Lew.*

K. *Lew.* *Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours, fair Queen?

Queen Mine such, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. *Lew.* What! has your King marry'd the lady *Gray?*

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perswade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he seeks with *France?*
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth *Edward*'s love and *Warwick*'s honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward*'s:
No more my King; for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
5 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth, I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Queen. *Warwick*, these words have turn'd my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults;
And joy, that thou becom'st King *Henry*'s friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

5 *Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?*] Whom King *Edward* attempted in the Earl of *Warwick*'s house. *Holingshed.*

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him;
And, as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *English* Queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. *Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret*'s.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. *Lew.* Then, *England*'s messenger, return in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside;
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. —— [*Exit Post.*

K. *Lew.* But, *Warwick*,
Thyself and *Oxford* with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous;

Therefore

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick*'s daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.
K. *Lew.* Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be levy'd,
And thou, lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, 'till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Warwick.
War. I came from *Edward* as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the Charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a Stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry*'s misery,
But seek revenge on *Edward*'s mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace in England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset *and* Montague.

Glo. NOW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady *Gray*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*:
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made Return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flourish. *Enter King* Edward, *Lady* Gray *as Queen*, Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings: *Four stand on one side, and four on the other.*

Glo. And his well chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. *Edw.* Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of *Warwick*,
Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.

K. *Edw.* Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, and I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick*'s, and muſt have my will.

Glo. And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.

K. *Edw.* Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh
Them ſevered whom God hath join'd together:
Pity to ſunder them, that yoak ſo well.

K. *Edw.* Setting your ſcorns and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the lady *Gray*
Should not become my wife, and *England*'s Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion; that King *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.

K. *Edw.* What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our Common-wealth
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

Haſt. Why, knows not *Montague*, that of itſelf
England is ſafe, if true within itſelf?

Mont. Yes; but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Haſt. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the ſeas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourſelves:

In

In them, and in ourselves, our safety lyes.
Clar. For this one speech, lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the Heir of the lord *Hungerford.*
K. *Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and Grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. *Edw.* Alas, poor *Clarence!* is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me Leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. *Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.
Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of Descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. *Edw.* My Love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger, or what sorrow, can befal thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe;
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo.

Gl. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

SCENE II.

Enter a Post.

K. *Edw.* Now, Messenger, what letters or what news from *France?*

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I (without your special pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. *Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee:
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?

Post. At my Depart, these were his very words;
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. *Edw.* Is *Lewis* so brave? belike, he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. *Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry*'s Queen?
For so I heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him, (quoth she) my mourning weeds are done;
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. *Edw.* Belike, she means to play the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me Wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. *Edw.* Ha! durst the Traitor breath out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret?*

Post.

Poſt. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick*'s daughter.

Clar. Belike, the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder.
Now, brother King, farewel, and ſit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwick*'s other daughter;
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourſelf.
You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[*Exit* Clarence; *and* Somerſet *follows.*

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I ſtay not for love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [*Aſide.*

K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick?*
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate caſe:
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will ſoon be landed;
Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.

[*Exeunt* Pembroke *and* Stafford.

But ere I go, *Haſtings* and *Montague*,
Reſolve my doubt: you twain, of all the reſt,
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?
If it be ſo, then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.

Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true!

Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he favours *Edward*'s Cauſe!

K. *Edw.* Now, brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?

Glo. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.

K. *Edw.* Why ſo, then am I ſure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and loſe no hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign Power.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with* French *Soldiers.*

War. TRUST me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people swarm by numbers to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see, where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*;
And welcome, *Somerset:* I hold it cowardise
To rest mistrustful, when a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward*'s brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelesly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the *(a)* towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easie:
That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomede*
With slight and manhood stole to *Rhesus*' Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him;
For I intend but only to surprize him;
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.

[*They all cry,* Henry!

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George!*

[*Exeunt.*

[*(a) Towns.* Dr. *Thirlby*—Vulg. *Town.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch* Come on, my masters, each man take his Stand:
The King by this has set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lye and take his natural Rest,
'Till *Warwick* or himself be quite suppress.
2 *Watch.* To morrow then, belike, shall be the day;
If *Warwick* be so near, as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.
2 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and* French *Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard:
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick *and the rest cry all,* Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arms! Arms!* Warwick *and the rest following them.*

The

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, *and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair*; Glo'ster *and* Hastings *flying over the Stage.*

Som. What are they, that fly there?

War. Richard and *Hastings*; let them go, here is The Duke.

K. *Edw.* The Duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. *Edw.* Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that *Edward* needs must down.
Yet, *Warwick*, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be *Edward England*'s King: [*Takes off his Crown.*
But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* crown,
And be true King, indeed: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady *Bona* sent to him:
Now for a while farewel, good Duke of *York*.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* Edward *led out forceably.*
Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The PALACE.

Enter Rivers, *and the Queen.*

Riv. MADAM, what makes you in this sudden change?
Queen. Why brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befaln King *Edward?*
Riv. What! loss of some pitcht battle against *Warwick?*
Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner.
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick*'s brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Queen. 'Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of *Edward*'s off-spring in my womb:
This is't, that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears, I blast or drown
King *Edward*'s fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

Riv.

Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes towards *London*,
To set the crown once more on *Henry*'s head:
Guess thou the rest, King *Edward*'s friends must down.
But to prevent the tyran's violence,
(For trust not him, that once hath broken faith;)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of *Edward*'s right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Park near Middleham-Castle *in* Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, *Lord* Hastings, *and Sir* William Stanley.

Glo. NOW, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case; you know, our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game;
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a Huntsman with him.*

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.

K. *Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. *Edw.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. *Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. *Edw.* Bishop, farewel; shield thee from *Warwick*'s frown;
And pray, that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *and Lieutenant of the* Tower.

K. *Henry.* MR. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness;
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But *Warwick*, after God, thou set't me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the instrument.

There-

Therefore that I may conquer fortune's ſpight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this bleſſed land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
I here reſign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace has ſtill been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
By ſpying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the ſtars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel crown,
As likely to be bleſt in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.

War. And I chuſe *Clarence* only for protector.

K. *Henry.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder government.
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myſelf will lead a private life;
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke and my Creator's praiſe.

War. What anſwers *Clarence* to his ſovereign's will?

Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwick* yield conſent;
For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.

War. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoak together, like a double ſhadow
To *Henry*'s body, and ſupply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government:
While he enjoy's the honour, and his eaſe.
And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor;
And all his lands and goods confiſcated.

Cla. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.

K. *Henry.* But with the firſt of all our chief affairs,

Let

Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen and my ſon *Edward*
Be ſent for, to return from *France* with ſpeed.
For 'till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It ſhall be done, my ſovereign, with all ſpeed.

K. *Henry.* My lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond.*

K. *Henry.* Come hither, *England*'s hope: if ſecret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poſt.

War. What news, my friend?

Poſt. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy.*

War. Unſavory news; but how made he eſcape?

Poſt. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
And the Lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt-ſide,
And from the biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerſet, Richmond, *and* Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*'s:
For, doubtleſs, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry*'s late preſaging propheſy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*;
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours.

Therefore,

Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to *Britany*,
'Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.
Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-poſſeſs the crown,
'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the reſt ſhall down.
Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to York.

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Haſtings, *and ſoldiers.*

K. *Edw.* NOW, brother *Richard*, *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends;
And ſays, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate for *Henry*'s regal crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenſpurg*, before the gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?
Glo. The gates made faſt! brother, I like not this.
For many men, that ſtumble at the threſhold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. *Edw.* Tuſh! man, aboadments muſt not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Haſt. My Liege, I'll knock once more to ſummon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the mayor of York *and his brethren.*

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the gates for ſafety of ourſelves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.
K. *Edw.* But, maſter Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of *York*.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſs.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.
Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*
Hast. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry*'s friends.
Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*He descends.*
Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. *Edw.* So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends, that deign to follow me.

March. *Enter* Montgomery, *with Drum and Soldiers.*
Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. *Edw.* Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in arms?
Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. *Edw.* Thanks, good *Montgom'ry:* but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The Drum begins a March.*
K. *Edw*

K. *Edw.* Nay, ſtay, Sir *John*, a while; and we'll debate,
By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our King,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?

K. *Edw.* When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.

Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous wit, now arms muſt rule.

Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. *Edw.* Then be it, as you will; for 'tis my right;
And *Henry* but uſurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign ſpeaketh like himſelf:
And now will I be *Edward*'s champion.

Haſt. Sound trumpet, *Edward* ſhall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-ſoldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flouriſh.*

Sold. Edward *the fourth by the grace of God, King of* England *and* France, *and Lord of* Ireland, *&c.*

Mont. And whoſoe'er gain-ſays King *Edward*'s right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth!

K. *Edw.* Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; and thanks to all.
If fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York:*
And when the morning ſun ſhall raiſe his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his m tes;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no ſoldier.
Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beſeems thee
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy brother!

Yet

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
Come on, brave ſoldiers, doubt not of the day:
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes again to London.

Enter *King* Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford *and* Somerſet.

War. WHAT counſel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas;
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. *Henry.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickſhire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Thoſe will I muſter up; and thou, ſon *Clarence*,
Shalt ſtir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſterſhire*, ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear, what thou command'ſt.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his Iſland girt with th' ocean,
Or modeſt *Dian* circled with her nymphs,)
Shall reſt in *London*, 'till we come to him:
Fair Lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewel, my Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy*'s true hope.

Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your highneſs' hand.

K. *Henry.* Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. *Henry.* Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,

And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet Lords; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Here at the palace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordſhip?
Methinks, the pow'r, that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

K. *Henry.* That's not my fear, [6] my deed hath got me fame:
'I have not ſtopt mine ears to their demands,
'Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
'My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,'
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, theſe graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within. A* Lancaſter! *a* Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter King Edward, *and his Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Seize on the ſhame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the fount, that make ſmall brooks to flow;
Now ſtops thy ſpring, my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not ſpeak.

[*Ex. with King* Henry.

And, Lords, to *Coventry* bend we our courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
The ſun ſhines hot; and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

6 —— *My* MEED *hath got me fame: Meed* ſignifies reward. We ſhould read my DEED, i. e. my manners, conduct in the adminiſtration.

Glo.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two Messengers and others, upon the walls.*

War. WHERE is the Post, that came from valiant *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mes.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hither-ward.
War. How far off is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the Post, that came from *Montague?*
2 *Mes.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somervile.

War. Say, *Somervile*, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.
Somerv. It is not his, my Lord: here *Southam* lyes:
The drum, your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. See, how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.
War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. *Edw.* Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the Kingdom to thy brother.

K. *Edw.* Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And, Weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his subject.

K. *Edw.* But *Warwick*'s King is *Edward*'s prisoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the *Tower*.

K. *Edw.* 'Tis even so; yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. *Edw.* Sail, how thou canst; have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick *now can change no more.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Oxford, *with drum and colours.*

War. O chearful colours! see, where *Oxford* comes!
Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for *Lancaster!*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. *Edw.* So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague! Montague! for *Lancaster.*
Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. *Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset! Somerset! for *Lancaster.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Have sold their lives unto the house of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo! where *George* of *Clarence* sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.
Come, *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.—
[*A Parley is sounded*; Richard *and* Clarence *whisper together*; *and then* Clarence *takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at* Warwick.]
Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up *Lancaster*. Why, trow'st thou, *Warwick*,

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful King?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than *Jepthah*'s, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe:
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults;
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. *Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. *Edw.* What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. *Edw.* Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; St. *George* and victory! [*Exeunt.*

March. Warwick *and his Company follow.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarum and Excursions. *Enter* Edward, *bringing forth* Warwick *wounded.*

K. *Edw.* So, lye thou there: die thou, and die our Fear;
For *Warwick* was a bug, that fear'd us all.

Now,

Now, *Montague*, ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee;
That *Warwick*'s bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick?*
Why aſk I that? my mangled body ſhews,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my Fall, the Conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle;
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept,
Whoſe top branch over-peer'd *Jove*'s ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
Theſe eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly ſepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forſake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerſet.

Som. Ah, *Warwick, Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loſs again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant Pow'r:
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'ſt thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, *Montague*,
If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſp cry'd out for *Warwick:*

And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
[1] Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewel, *Warwick!* ———
War. Sweetly rest his soul!
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for *Warwick* bids
You all farewel, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[*They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward *in triumph; with* Gloucester, Clarence, *and the rest.*

K. *Edw.* THUS far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our gracious Sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those Powers, that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. *Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,

[1] *Which sounded like a* CANNON *in a vault,*] The old quarto reads CLAMOUR, which is undoubtedly right, *i. e.* a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, *could not be distinguished.* This was a pertinent similitude: The other absurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate.

That

That they do hold their course tow'rd *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rids way:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the Drum, cry, courage! and away. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Changes to Tewksbury.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Queen. GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But chearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-ful eyes add water to the sea;
And give more strength to That which hath too much?
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, *Warwick* was our anchor; what of that?
And *Montague* our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?
And *Somerset* another goodly mast?
The friends of *France* our shrouds and tacklings still?
And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course (though the rough wind say, no,)
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless sea?
What *Clarence*, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these, the enemies to our poor Bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our Need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, (as, God forbid!)
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, t'were perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerset*; sweet *Oxford*, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his policy,
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Queen.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI.

March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'ns' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
(For, well I wot, ye blaze,) to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gain-say; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye:
Therefore no more but this; *Henry*, your Sov'reign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. *Both Parties go out.*

Re-Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, *&c. The Queen,* Oxford, *and* Somerset, *Prisoners.*

K. *Edw.* Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes*-castle straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Is Proclamation made, that who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glo. It is, and, lo! where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. *Edw.* Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*.
Suppoſe, that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy Chair; and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou wouldſt have me anſwer to.
Queen. Ah! that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!
Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtol'n the breech from *Lancaſter*.
Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a winter's night,
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Queen. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.
Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.
K. *Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Laſcivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your Better, Traitors as ye are:
And thou uſurp'ſt my Father's Right and mine.
Glo. Take that, thou likeneſs of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*
K. *Edw.* And take thou that, to end thy agony.
[Edward *ſtabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clarence *ſtabs him.*

Queen.

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and ſhall. —— [*Offers to kill her.*

K. *Edw.* Hold, *Richard*, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?

K. *Edw.* What? doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recov'ry.

Glo. *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my brother:
I'll hence to *London* on a ſerious matter.
Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The *Tower*, man, the *Tower*! —— I'll root 'em out. [*Exit.*

Queen. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*! ſpeak to thy mother, Boy.
Canſt thou not ſpeak? O traitors, murderers!
They, that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all;
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man; this (in reſpect) a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.
What's worſe than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeak ——
And I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and villains, bloody canibals,
How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children. Butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off;
As, Deathſmen! you have rid this ſweet young Prince.

K. *Edw.* Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Clar. By heav'n, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Queen. Good *Clarence*, do; ſweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear, I would not do it?

Queen.

Queen. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf:
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy Alms-deed.
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.

K. *Edw.* Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince! [*Exit Queen.*

K. *Edw.* Where's *Richard* gone?

Clar. To *London* all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the *Tower*.

K. *Edw.* He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*;
And ſee our gentle Queen, how well ſhe fares;
By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Tower of London.

Enter King Henry, *and* Glouceſter, *with the Lieutenant on the* Tower *Walls.*

Glo. GOOD day, my lord; what! at your book ſo hard?

K. *Henry.* Ay, my good lord; my lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good *Glo'ſter*, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepoſt'rous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to our ſelves, we muſt confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. *Henry.* So flies the wreakleſs ſhepherd from the wolf.
So firſt the harmleſs flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What ſcene of death hath *Richard* now to act?

Glo.

2. *What ſcene of death hath* ROSCIUS *now to act?*] *Roſcius* was certainly

Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.

K. *Henry.* The bird that hath been limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſ-doubteth ev'ry buſh:
And I, the hapleſs male to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peeviſh fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. *Henry.* I, *Dedalus*; my poor boy, *Icarus*;
Thy father, *Minos*, that deny'd our courſe;
The Sun, that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward*; and thyſelf, the ſea,
Whoſe envious gulph did ſwallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words;
My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my life?

Glo. Think'ſt thou, I am an executioner?

K. *Henry.* A perſecutor, I am ſure, thou art;
If murth'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.

K. *Henry.* Hadſt thou been kill'd, when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou had'ſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,
(Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeleſs death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckleſs Tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſt ſhook down trees;

[3] The

[3] certainly put for *Richard* by ſome ſimple conceited player, who had heard of *Roſcius* and of *Rome*; but did not know that he was an Actor in Comedy, not in Tragedy.

3 The raven croak'd hoarſe on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt born,
To ſignify, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt into the World with thy Legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, Prophet, in thy ſpeech;
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K. *Henry.* Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this ———
O God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will th' aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my ſword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may ſuch purple tears be always ſhed,
From thoſe who wiſh the Downfal of our Houſe.
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and ſay, I ſent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. ———
Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of:
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dog:
Then, ſince the heav'ns have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *Love,* which grey-beards call divine,
Be

3 *The raven* ROOK'D HER] What is *rook'd her?* Read CROAK'D HOARSE.

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.——
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, *Henry!* in the day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, *Queen*, Clarence, Glouceſter, Haſtings, *Nurſe and Attendants.*

K. *Edw.* ONCE more we ſit on *England's* royal Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies:
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerſet*, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſon;
And two *Northumberlands*; two braver men
Ne'er ſpurr'd their Courſers at the trumpet's ſound.
With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly Lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suſpicion from our Seat,
And made our footſtool of Security.
Come hither, *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles and myſelf
Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night;
Went all a-foot in ſummer's ſcalding heat;
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the Crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Glo.

Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave; } *Aſide.*
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute.

K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Glo'ſter*, love my lovely Queen;
And kiſs your princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe your Majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet Babe

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit.——
To ſay the truth, ſo *Judas* kiſs'd his maſter; } *Aſide.*
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

K. *Edw.* Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my Country's Peace and Brothers' Loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret?*
Reignier, her father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*;
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.

K. *Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*.
And now what reſts but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
Such as befit the pleaſures of the Court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewel, ſow'r Annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our laſting Joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Edward IV.

Edward *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* Edward V. } *Sons to* Edward IV.

Richard, *Duke of* York, }

George, *Duke of* Clarence, *Brother to* Edward IV.

Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *Brother to* Edward IV. *afterwards King* Richard III.

Cardinal, Archbiſhop of York.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Marquiſs of Dorſet, *Son to Queen* Elizabeth.

Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*

Lord Gray, *Son to Queen* Elizabeth.

Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King* Henry VII.

Biſhop of Ely.

Lord Haſtings.

Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Sir Richard Ratcliff, } *Friends to the Duke of* Glouceſter.

Lord Lovel, }

Cateſby. }

Sir James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*

Thomas, *Lord* Stanley, *Lord Steward of King* Edward IVth's *Houſehold, afterwards Earl of* Derby.

Earl of Oxford, } *Friends to the Earl of* Richmond.

Blount, }

Herbert, }

Sir William Brandon. }

Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.

Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.

Lord Mayor.

Sir Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a Prieſt.*

Elizabeth, *Queen of* Edward IV.

Queen Margaret, *Widow of* Henry VI.

Anne, *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to* Henry VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of* Glouceſter.

Dutcheſs of York, *Mother to* Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Richard III.

Sheriff, Purſuivant, Citizens, Ghoſts of thoſe murder'd by Richard III. *with Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in* England.

The LIFE and DEATH of

RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Glouceſter *ſolus.*

NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of *York:*
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our Houſe,
In the deep boſom of the Ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern Alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd War hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
[1] To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs,——
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling Nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
[2] Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time

1 *To fright the* SOULS] This may be right. But I rather think *Shakeſpear* wrote the FOULE, *French*, the crowd or multitude running away in a rout or confuſion.

2 *Cheated of feature by* diſſembling *nature,*] By *diſſembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: But nature that puts together things of a diſſimilar kind, as a brave ſoul and a deformed body.

Into

Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up;
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time;
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the Sun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken propheſies, libels, and dreams,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And, if King [3] *Edward* be as true and juſt,
As I am ſubtle, falſe and treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up;
About a Propheſy, which ſays, that G
Of *Edward*'s Heirs the Murtherer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good day; what means this armed Guard,
That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majeſty,
Tend'ring my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what cauſe?

Clar. Becauſe my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for That commit your godfathers.
Belike, his Majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new chriſtened in the *Tower*.
But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know?

Clar. Yea, *Richard*, when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after Propheſies and Dreams,

3 —— Edward *be as* true and juſt,] *i.e.* as open-hearted and free from deceit.

And

And from the croſs-row plucks the letter *G*;
And ſays, a wizard told him, that by *G*
His Iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And, for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe,
Have mov'd his Highneſs to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King, that ſends you to the *Tower*;
My lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him ſend lord *Haſtings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe; *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Clar. By heav'n, I think, there is no man ſecure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and miſtreſs *Shore*.
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; —— I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herſelf,
Since that our Brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this Monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majeſty has ſtraitly giv'n in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip, *Brakenbury*!
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man ——— we ſay, the King
Is wiſe and virtuous: and his noble Queen
Well ſtrook in years; fair, and not jealous ——
We ſay, that *Shore*'s wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a paſſing pleaſing tongue.
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk:

How

How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress *Shore?*
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewel; I will unto the King,
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King *Edward*'s widow sister)
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewel. [*Exe.* Brak. Clar.

Glo. Go, tread the path, that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain *Clarence!*—— I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the Present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Hastings?*

Enter Lord Hastings?

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as pris'ners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall *Clarence* too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo.

Glo. What news abroad?

Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weak and melancholy,
And his Phyſicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. *Paul*, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Haſt. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Haſtings.
He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy;
And leave the world for me to buſtle in!
For then, I'll marry *Warwick*'s youngeſt daughter:
What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father?
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her huſband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my Gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Street.

Enter the Coarſe of Henry *the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady* Anne *being the mourner.*

Anne. SET down, ſet down your honourable load,
If honour may be ſhrouded in a herſe;
Whilſt I awhile obſequiouſly lament

Th' untimely Fall of virtuous *Lancaſter*.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale aſhes of the Houſe of *Lancaſter!*
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful, that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon;
Stabb'd by the ſelf-ſame hand, that made theſe wounds.
Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand, that made theſe fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view:
And That be heir to his unhappineſs!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
Come, now tow'rds *Chertſey* with your holy load,
Taken from *Paul*'s to be interred there.
And ſtill, as you are weary of this weight,
Reſt you, while I lament King *Henry*'s Coarſe.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Glouceſter.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the Coarſe, and ſet it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, ſet down the Coarſe; or, by St. *Paul*,
I'll make a Coarſe of him that diſobeys.
Gen. My lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breaſt,
Or, by St. *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas,

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Dev'l! for God's sake hence, trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen, see! see, dead *Henry*'s wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, [4] where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death:
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death.
Or Heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead,
Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!——

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,

4 —— where *no blood* dwells.] This may be right. But probably *Shakespear* wrote, WHENCE *no blood* WELLS. *i. e.* whence no blood has its spring or course.

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are; and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward*'s hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen *Marg'ret* saw
Thy murd'rous faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous. ——

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne.

Anne. Ill Reſt betide the chamber, where thou lyeſt!
Glo. So will it, Madam, 'till I lye with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo.— But, gentle lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry*, and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world;
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure ſweet beauty's wreck.
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by That; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'er-ſhade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature: thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.

5 *Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He aſks, was not the *cauſer* as ill as the *executioner*? She anſwers, Thou waſt both. But, for *cauſer*, uſing the word *cauſe*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or executioner. But the *Oxford Editor* troubling himſelf with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it.

Thou waſt the cauſe. And moſt accurſt th' effect!

Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: why doſt thou ſpit at me?
[*She ſpits at him.*
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon for thy ſake!
Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes ſweet Lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were baſiliſks to ſtrike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears;
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
[6] Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,
Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made;
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his ſword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees be-daſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear:
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn, for it was made
For kiſſing, lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart can not forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed ſword,
Which, if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,

6 *Theſe eyes, which never* &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the firſt editions. Mr. *Pope.*

And

And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his ſword.*
Nay, do not pauſe; for I did kill King *Henry*;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch: 'twas I that ſtabb'd young *Edward*;
But 'twas thy heavenly face that ſet me on.
[*She falls the ſword.*
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.
Anne. Ariſe, diſſembler; though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your ſword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But ſhall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to wear this ring.
Look, how my ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
Ev'n ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſuppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him, that hath more cauſe to be a Mourner;
And preſently repair to *Croſby*-place:
Where, after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey*-monaſt'ry this noble King,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For divers unknown reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Traſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewel.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine, I have ſaid farewel already.

[*Exeunt two with* Anne.

Glo. Sirs, take up the coarſe.

Gent. Towards *Chertſey*, noble Lord?

Glo. No, to *White-Fryars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the coarſe.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her —— but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her huſband, and his father!
To take her in her heart's extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of her hatred by:
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks:
And yet to win her —— All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewkſbury*?
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
7 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wiſe, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford: ——
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?

7 *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or laviſh mood.

On

On me, whose All not equals *Edward*'s Moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My Dukedom [8] to a beggarly Denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, *and Lord* Gray.

Riv. HAVE patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen. [9] It is determin'd, not concluded yet:

But

8 —— *to a beggarly* Denier,] This may be right; but perhaps *Shakespear* wrote *Taniere*, *French*, a hut or cave.

9 *It is* determin'd, *not* concluded *yet:*] *Determin'd* signifies the

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley.*

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess *Richmond,* good my Lord of *Stanley,*

To your good pray'r will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet, *Stanley,* notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers:
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to day, my Lord of *Stanley?*

Stanley. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks chearfully.

Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

final conclusion of the will: *concluded,* what cannot be alter'd by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.

Who

Who are they, that complain unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating *Jacks?*

Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that haſt not honeſty, nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal perſon,
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh,
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe,
(Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews itſelf
Againſt my children, brothers, and myſelf;)
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground
[1] Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a *Jack*.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ſter*.
You envy my advancement and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you.

1 *Of your ill will, &c.*] This line is reſtored from the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope*.

Our

Our Brother is impriſoned by your means;
Myſelf diſgrac'd; and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe,
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*; but have been
An earneſt Advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe wild ſuſpects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe
Of my Lord *Haſtings'* late impriſonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for ——

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*——why, who knows not ſo?
She may do more, Sir, than denying That:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may—ay, marry, may ſhe—

Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?

Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handſom ſtripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worſer match.——

Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majeſty,
Of thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
Than a great Queen with this condition;
To be thus taunted, ſcorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being *England*'s Queen.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech thee!

Thy

Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and ſpare not: Look, what I have ſaid,
I will avouch in preſence of the King:
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. *Mar.* [2] No, Devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my huſband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor ſon, at *Tewkſbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your huſband King,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I ſpilt mine own.

Q. *Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your huſband *Gray*
Were factious for the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And, *Rivers*, ſo were you;—was not your huſband,
In *Marg'ret*'s battle, at St. *Albans* ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. *Mar.* A murth'rous villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forſake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf, (which, Jeſu, pardon!—)

Q. *Mar.* Which God revenge!——

Glo. To fight on *Edward*'s party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward*'s;
Or *Edward*'s ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.

Q. *Mar.* Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou Cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, in thoſe buſie days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.

Glo. If I ſhould be!—I had rather be a pedlar:

[2] OUT, *Devil!*——] Read NO.

Far

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. *Mar.* A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

[3] Hear me, you wrangling Pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I being Queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

[4] Ungentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. *Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd.
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; [*To* Glo.
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance;
[*To the Queen.*
The sorrow, that I have, by Right is yours;
And all the pleasures, you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland*;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

[5] *Queen.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

3 *Hear me, you wrangling Pirates,* &c.] This scene of *Margaret*'s imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another *Cassandra*, for the following tragic revolutions.

4 *Ah, gentle villain,—*] We should read, UNGENTLE *villain.*

5 Q. Mar. *So just is God,* &c.] This line should be given to *Edward* IVth's Queen.

Dorf.

Dorſ. No man but propheſy'd revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. Mar. What! were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread curſe prevail ſo much with heav'n,
That *Henry*'s death, my lovely *Edward*'s death,
Their Kingdom's loſs, my woful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curſes!
If not by war, by ſurfeit die your King,
As ours by murther, to make him a King!
Edward thy ſon, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our ſon, that was Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live to wail thy children's loſs,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England*'s Queen!
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders-by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!
Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
If heav'ns have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, 'till thy ſins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul;
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends:
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,

Unleſs

Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-mark't abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
[7] The ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell!
Thou ſlander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
[8] Thou wrack of honour, thou deteſted ——

Glo. Margaret. ——

Q. *Mar. Richard.* ——

Glo. Ha? ——

Q. *Mar.* I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for, I did think,
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.

Q. *Mar.* Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt yourſelf.

Q. *Mar.* Poor painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune!

6 ——*rooting hog!*] The expreſſion is fine, alluding (in memory of her young ſon) to the ravage which hogs make, with the fineſt flowers, in gardens; and intimating that *Elizabeth* was to expect no other treatment for her ſons.

7 *The ſlave of nature,*—] The expreſſion is ſtrong and noble, and alludes to the ancient cuſtom of maſters' branding their profligate ſlaves: by which it is inſinuated that his miſ-ſhapen perſon was the mark that nature had ſet upon him to ſtigmatize his ill conditions. *Shakeſpear* expreſſes the ſame thought in *The Comedy of Errors.*

He is deformed, crooked, &c.
Stigmatical in making ——

But as the ſpeaker riſes in her reſentment, ſhe expreſſes this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a ſtill worſe ſtate of ſlavery,

Sin, Death and Hell have ſet their marks *upon him.*

On'y, in the firſt line, her mention of his moral condition inſinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the laſt, her mention of his deformity inſinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to ſcold in all the elegance of figure.

8 *Thou* RAG *of honour,* ——] We ſhould certainly read,

Thou WRACK *of honour,* ——

i. e. the ruin and deſtruction of honour! which I ſuppoſe was firſt writ *rack*, and then further corrupted to *rag*.

Why

Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Haſt. Falſe-boading woman, end thy frantick curſe;
Leſt to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. *Mar.* Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. *Mar.* To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.

Q. *Mar.* Peace, maſter Marquiſs, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!
They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiſs.

Dorſ. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born ſo high,
"Our Airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
"And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun."

Q. *Mar.* And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!
Witneſs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs ſo ded up.
Your Airy buildeth in our Airie's neſt;
O God, that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, ſo be it loſt!

Buck. Peace, peace for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. *Mar.* Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. *Mar.*

Q. *Mar.* O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble Houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
9 The lips of thoſe, that breathe them in the air.

Q. *Mar.* I'll not believe, but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their marks upon him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.

Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of *Buckingham?*

Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious Lord.

Q. *Mar.* What doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the devil, that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day;
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow;
And ſay, poor *Marg'ret* was a Propheteſs.
Live each of you the ſubject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Buck. My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her Curſes.

Riv. And ſo doth mine: I wonder, ſhe's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorſ. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;

9 *The lips of thoſe, that breathe them in the air.*] i. e. Of thoſe who make a practice of curſing their enemies, and do it as often as they breathe. So that the ſenſe is, the curſes of ſuch never aſcend to the throne of vengeance. *Never paſs the lips*, i. e. get paſt or further than the lips.

[1] He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd;
For had I curſt now, I had curſt myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.
Queen. Cateſby, we come! lords, will you go with us?
Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Glouceſter.

Glo. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs, that I ſet a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls,
Namely to *Stanley*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That ſtir the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Gray*.
But then I ſigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odd ends, ſtol'n forth of holy Writ,
And ſeem a Saint, when moſt I play the Devil.

Enter two Murtherers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, ſtout, reſolved mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this deed?
1 *Vil.* We are, my lord, and come to have the Warrant,

[1] He is frank'd up to fatting *for his pains.*] A *Frank* is an old *Engliſh* word for a *hog-ſty*. 'Tis poſſible he uſes this metaphor to *Clarence*, in alluſion to the creſt of the family of *York*, which was a *Boar*. Whereto relate thoſe famous old verſes on *Richard* III.

The cat, the rat, and Lovel *the dog*
Rule all England *under a* hog.

He uſes the ſame metaphor in the laſt ſcene of act 4. Mr. *Pope*.

That

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby*-place.
But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your business; go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Tower.

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace so heavily to day?

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the *Tower*;
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*;
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
That had befal'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought, that *Glo'ster* stumbled; and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!

What

What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unva ued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems;
[2] That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the Sec.ets of the Deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to be ch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthned after life.
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoul:
I paſt, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man, which Poets write of,
Unto the kingd m of perpetual Night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who cry'd aloud What ſcourge for perjury
Can this dark Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud ——
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, pe jur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by *Tewkſbury*;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments! ——
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after

2 *That* woo'd *the ſlimy bottom*—] *woo'd* for *ogled.*

Could

Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done thoſe things
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,
For *Edward*'s ſake; and, ſee, how he requites me!
3 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, ſtay by me;
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your Grace good Reſt!

4 Sorrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours, [*Aſide.*
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE VI.

Enter the two Murtherers.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'ſt thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

3 *O God! if my deep prayers* &c.] The four following lines have been added ſince the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

4 *Sorrow breaks ſeaſons* &c.] In the common editions the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with *Clarence* 'till this line. And here *Brakenbury* enters, pronouncing theſe words: which ſeem to me a reflection naturally reſulting from the foregoing converſation, and therefore continued to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon, as it is accordingly in the firſt edition. Mr *Pope.*

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my Charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, Fool, he shall never wake until the great Judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, Judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; It was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s purse.

1 *Vil* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flyes out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous Thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a Man's boſom: it fills one full of obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* [5] Take the devil in thy mind, and believe it not: it would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the coſtard, with the hilt of thy ſword; and then throw him into the malmſie-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a ſop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I ſtrike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reaſon with him

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You ſhall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

5 *Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe* HIM *not*: HE *would inſinuate with thee*, &c.] One villain ſays, *Conſcience* is at his elbow perſuading him not to kill the Duke. The other ſays, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conſcience, and believe it not, *&c.* It is plain then, that HIM in both places in the text ſhould be IT, namely, conſcience.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak?
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to———

Clar. To murther me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo!
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To ſlay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuſe me?
What lawful Queſt have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have Redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed, you undertake, is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon Command.

2 *Vil.* And he, that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vaſſals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no Murther; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou didſt receive the Sacrament, to fight
In Quarrel of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dſt the bowels of thy Sovereign's ſon.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert ſworn to cheriſh and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?
Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this:
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.
1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for Meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ſter* hates you.
Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, ſo we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*
Bleſt his three ſons with his victorious arm,
6 And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip:
Bid *Glo'ſter* think on this, and he will weep.
1 *Vil.* Ay, mill-ſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.
Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.
1 *Vil.* As ſnow in harveſt:——you deceive yourſelf;
'Tis he, that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,

6 *And charg'd us from his ſoul, &c.*] This neceſſary line is reſtored from the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

And

And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 *Vil.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.
2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my lord.
Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own ſouls ſo blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, conſider they, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 *Vil.* What ſhall we do?
Clar. Relent, [7] and ſave your ſouls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murtherers, as your ſelves, came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs ———
1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?
2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my lord.
1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſie-butt within. [*Exit.*
2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and deſp'rately diſpatch'd:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murther done!

Re-enter firſt Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By heav'n, the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you've been.
2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!

7 ——— *and ſave your ſouls.* &c.] The ſix following lines are not in the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me, that the Duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, Coward, as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my Meed, I muſt away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Edward *ſick, the Queen,* Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Cateſby, Buckingham, *and* Woodvile.

K. *Edw.* WHY, ſo; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.
And now in peace my ſoul ſhall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;
Haſtings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred; ſwear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!

K. *Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your King;
Leſt he, that is the ſupream King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart!

K. *Edw.* Madam, yourſelf is not exempt from this;
Nor your ſon *Dorſet*; *Buckingham*, nor you;
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Haſtings*;—I will never more remember

Our

Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine!

K. *Edw.* *Dorset*, embrace him: *Hastings*, love lord Marquiss.

Dorf. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. *Edw.* Now, Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love
[*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With Hate in those where I expect most love! ——
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*

K. *Edw.* A pleasing cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ster* here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester, *with* Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. *Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege:
Among this Princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service:
Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:
Of you, and you, lord *Rivers*, and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert have frown'd on me:
Of you, lord *Woodvile*, and, lord *Scales*, of you;
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded!
My Sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his coarse.

K. *Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dorf Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. *Edw.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And That a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my ſervice done.
K. *Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow.
Stanl. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.
K. *Edw.* Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.
Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my ſervant's life;
Who ſlew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk.*
K. *Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at *Tewkſbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcu'd me?
And ſaid, Dear brother, live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me,
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himſelf
All thin, and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,——
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeak,
Nor I, ungracious, ſpake unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul. The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

Come, *Haſtings*, help me to my cloſet. Ah!
Poor *Clarence!* [*Exeunt ſome with the King and Queen.*
Glo. Theſe are the fruits of raſhneſs: mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort *Edward* with our company? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, *with the two Children of* Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Dutch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry, O *Clarence!* my unhappy ſon!
Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Dutch. My pretty Couſins, you miſtake me both.
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him; not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.
Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead.
The King my uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earneſt prayers.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you well.
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents!
You cannot gueſs, who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Glo'ſter*
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Deviſ'd Impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me; and kindly kiſt my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,

And

And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble, Grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers *and* Dorſet *after her.*

Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy. ———

Dutch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.
Edward, my lord, thy ſon, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient Subjects, follow him
To his new Kingdom of perpetual reſt.

Dutch. Ah! ſo much int'reſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title to thy noble huſband;
I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his Princely ſemblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one falſe glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother;
And haſt the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath ſnatch'd my huſband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, Aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred Tears?

Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewiſe be unwept!
Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear lord *Edward!*
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord *Clarence!*
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence!*
Queen. What ſtay had I, but *Edward?* and he's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we, but *Clarence?* and he's gone.
Dutch. What ſtays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.
Chil. Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.
Dutch. Was never mother, had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the mother of theſe griefs,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weep, and ſo do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold-diſtreſt
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dorſ. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your ſon; ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſp'rate ſorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Glouceſter, Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, *and* Ratcliff.

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not ſee you. ——Humbly on my knee
I crave your Bleſſing.

Dutch. God bleſs thee, and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt end of a mother's bleſſing;
I marvel, that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-ſorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love;
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancor of your high-ſwoln hearts,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that, with ſome little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with ſome little train, my lord of *Buckingham?*

Buck. Marry, my lord, leſt by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice ſhould break out;
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the Eſtate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true in me.

Riv. And ſo in me; and ſo, I think, in all.

Yet

Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
[1] To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Buckingham *and* Gloucester.

Buck. My lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us Two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. [2] My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Street near the Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* GOOD morrow, neighbour, whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *To give your* censures——] *censures*, for counsels.

2 *My other self, my counsel's consistory,*
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin!] I have alter'd the pointing of this passage, whereby a strange and ridiculous *Anticlimax* is prevented.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:
Which in his non-age, counsel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and 'till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*;
And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Before the day of change, ſtill is it ſo;
By a divine inſtinct men's minds miſtruſt
Enſuing danger; as by proof we ſee,
The waters ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.

3 *Cit.* And ſo was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court.

Enter Archbiſhop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *the Queen, and the Dutcheſs of* York.

Arch. I Heard, they lay the laſt night at *Northampton*,
At *Stony-Stratford* they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince;
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Queen. But I hear, not; they ſay, my ſon of *York*
Has almoſt over-ta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.

Dutch. Why, my young Couſin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle *Glo'ſter*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flow'rs are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him, that did object the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing, when he was young;
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his Rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.

York. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch.

Dutch. How, my young *York?* I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord *Rivers* and lord *Gray* are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ster and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne;
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the Crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss.

And

And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the Conquerors
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self; O most prepostrous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewel.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, *the Dukes of* Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *Archbiſhop, with others.*

Buck. WElcome, sweet Prince, to *London*, [1] to your Chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear Cousin, my thought's Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Uncles, which you want, were dangerous:

1 —— *to your* Chamber.] *London* was antiently called *Camera regia.* Mr. *Pope.*

Your

Your Grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Prince. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all:
I thought, my Mother, and my brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a ſlug is *Haſtings?* that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord; what, will our mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perſuade the Queen to ſend the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, lord *Haſtings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if ſhe be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid,
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.

Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate, my Lord;

[2] Too.

[2] Too ceremonious, and traditional:
[3] Weigh it but with the Greenneſs of his age,
You break not Sanctuary, in ſeizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place;
And thoſe, who have the wit to claim the place;
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Privilege nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,
But Sanctuary-children ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?

Haſt. I go, my Lord. [*Exe. Archbiſh. and* Haſtings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn 'till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf:
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the *Tower*:
Then, where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place;
Did *Julius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place;

2 *Too* ceremonious, *and* traditional.] *Ceremonious* for ſuperſtitious; *traditional* for adherent to old cuſtoms.

3 *Weigh it but with the* GROSSNESS *of* THIS *age*,] But the more *groſs*, that is, the more ſuperſtitious the age was, the ſtronger would be the imputation of violated ſanctuary. The queſtion, we ſee by what follows, is whether ſanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The ſpeaker reſolves it in the negative, becauſe it could be claimed by thoſe only whoſe actions neceſſitated them to fly thither; or by thoſe who had an underſtanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's caſe: It is plain then, the firſt line, which introduces this reaſoning, ſhould be read thus,

Weigh it but with the GREENNESS *of* HIS *age*.

i. e. the young Duke of *York*'s, whom his mother had fled with to ſanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is ſomething nearer the true.

——— *the* greatneſs of his *age*.

Which

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively, from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.
Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
4 As 'twere intail'd to all Posterity;
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
Prince. What say you, Uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters Fame lives long.
5 Thus, like the formal-wise Antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word. } *Aside.*

Prince.

4 *As 'twere* RETAIL'D *to all Posterity*;] And so it is: And, by that means, like most other *retail'd* things, became adulterated. We should read,

——— INTAIL'D *to all Posterity*;

which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of.

5 *Thus like the formal* VICE, INIQUITY,
I moralize two meanings in one word.] That the buffoon, or jester of the old *English* farces, was called the *Vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *Vice* used to assume the personages of these sins, is a fancy of Mr. *Theobald*'s, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the *Vice* was always a fool or jester: And, (as the Woman, in the *Merchant of Venice*, calls the Clown, alluding to this character,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad, serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name *Iniquity*, given to this *Vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of *Johnson's Staple of News*, second intermeane.

M. *How like you the* Vice *i' the play?*
T. *Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.*
M. *That was the old way, Gossip, when* Iniquity *came in like Hocas Pocas, in a Jugler's Jerkin, with false skirts like the Knave of Clubs.*

And in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old *Vice*, *Iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gather'd, that the text, where *Richard* compares himself to the *formal Vice Iniquity*, must be corrupt: And the interpolation of some foolish player. The *Vice* or *Iniquity* being

not

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin *Buckingham.*

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, *and Archbishop.*

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of *York.*

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble brother?

not a *formal*, but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, *Shakespear* could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *Tradition* and *Antiquity*, which have no relation to it; and because it appears from the turn of the Passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspence my conjecture is, that *Shakespear* wrote and pointed the lines in this manner,

Thus like the FORMAL-WISE *Antiquity*
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the *Mythologic* learning of the antients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that *Richard*'s ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your allwise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the *Greeks* themselves called their remote antiquity, Διχόμυθος or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all *wisdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing; the common reading,

I moralize two meanings——

is nonsense: but reformed in this manner, very sensible,

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

i. e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating,

York.

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
[6] Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majesty.
Glo. How fares our Cousin, noble Lord of *York?*
York. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh, my fair Cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this your dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar *nay.*
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. [7] I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

6 *Too* late *he died*——] *i. e.* too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the *Oxford Editor* not understanding this phraseology, to clear the Prince of all imputation of impiety, makes him say,

Too soon he died——

7 *I weigh it lightly &c.*] *i. e.* I should still esteem it but a trifling gift were it heavier. But the *Oxford Editor* cannot bear the Duke should equivocate, and so reads,

I'd weigh it lightly,

i. e. I could manage it tho' it were heavier.

York.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Becauſe that I am little like an ape,
He thinks, that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf;
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.
Glo. My Lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin *Buckingham*
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it ſo.
York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the *Tower*.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghoſt:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.
[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Haſtings *and* Dorſet.

SCENE II.

Manent Glouceſter, Buckingham *and* Cateſby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reſt, come, *Cateſby*, thou art ſworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way:
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſy matter
To make Lord *William Haſtings* of our mind,

For

For the inſtalment of this noble Duke
In the ſeat royal of this famous Iſle?

Cateſ. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught againſt him.

Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley?* will not he?

Cateſ. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle *Cateſby*,
And, as it were far off, ſound thou Lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe;
And ſummon him to morrow to the *Tower*,
To ſit about the Coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Cateſby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret*-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give miſtreſs *Shore* one gentle kiſs the more.

Buck. Good *Cateſby*, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.

Cateſ. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Cateſby*, ere we ſleep?

Cateſ. You ſhall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Croſby*-place, there you ſhall find us both.
[*Exit* Cat.

Buck. My Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive,
Lord *Haſtings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; ſomewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, ſtood poſſeſt.

Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come,

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Lord Hastings's *House.*

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. MY Lord, my Lord, ——
Hast. [*within.*] Who knocks?
Mes. One from Lord *Stanley.*
Hast. What is't o'clock?
Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mes. So it appears, by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the Boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two Councils held;
And That may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him tow'rds the north;
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated Councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us;
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.

Go,

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mes. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
[*Exit.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble Lord!
Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?
Cates. Ay, my good Lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on *Richard*'s side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Catef. The Princes both make high account of you——

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and, good morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours.
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and suppos'd, their states were sure;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we tow'rd the *Tower?* the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my Lord?
To day the Lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord* Stanley *and* Catesby.
Sirrah,

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death;
And I in better state, than e'er I was.
Purs. God hold it to your Honour's good content!
Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*
Purs. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.
Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need a Priest,
Your Honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men, you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the *Tower?*
Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.
[*Aside.*
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Pomfret-*Caſtle.*

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, *with halberds, carrying Lord* Rivers, *Lord* Richard Gray, *and Sir* Thomas Vaughan *to Death.*

Rat. COME, bring forth the priſoners.

Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Vaugh. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret!* O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death:
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Marg'ret*'s curſe is fall'n upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you, and I,
For ſtanding by when *Richard* ſtab'd her ſon.

Riv. Then curs'd ſhe *Richard*, curs'd ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Haſtings*. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my ſiſter and her princely ſons,
Be ſatisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood:
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The TOWER.

Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, *Biſhop of* Ely, Cateſby, Lovel, *with others, at a table.*

Haſt. NOW, noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:
In God's name ſpeak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stanl. They are, and want but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near in love.
Haſt. I thank his Grace, I know, he loves me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I have not ſounded him; nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I preſume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Glouceſter.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himſelf.
Glo. My noble Lords and Couſins all, good morrow;
I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign;
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord *Haſtings* had pronounc'd your part;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.
Glo. Than my Lord *Haſtings* no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was laſt in *Holbourn*,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Ely.

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give Consent,
His Master's Son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England*'s Throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* Glo. *and* Buck.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of *Gloucester?*
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit, or other, likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
[8] I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned Witchcraft; and that have prevail'd

8 *I think, there's ne'er a man,* &c.] This character is what *Ennius* gives of himself, and in the same words, *Eo ego ingenio natus sum, amicitiam atque inimicitiam in frontem promptam gero. Ap. Non. in Inimic.* But this is no imitation: For the thought, which is a common one, could hardly be expressed otherwise.

Upon

Upon my body with their hellish Charms,
Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th' offenders, whose'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil;
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—
Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor ——
Off with his head —— now, by St. *Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and *Catesby*, — look, that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lovel *and* Catesby, *with the lord* Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for *England*, not a whit for me!
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did raze our helms;
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly:
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*;
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent, I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
Oh, *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings*' wretched head.
Catef. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary Grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready with every Nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.

Haſt. O, bloody *Richard!* miſerable *England!*
I propheſie the fearful'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They ſmile at Me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Tower-*walls.*

Enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham *in ruſty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. COMẼ, Couſin, canſt thou quake and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide;
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion: ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my ſtratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reaſon we have ſent——

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Cateſby *with* Haſtings's *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; *Catesby* and *Lovel.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings.*

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep:
I took

I took him for the plaineſt, harmleſs creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a chriſtian:
Made him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts;
So ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhew of virtue,
That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his converſation with *Shore*'s wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of Suſpect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor ——

Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
(Were't not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it) that the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the Council-houſe,
To murther me and my good lord of *Glo'ſter*.

Mayor. What? had he ſo?

Glo. What! think you, we are *Turks* or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The peace of *England*, and our Perſon's ſafety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs *Shore*.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meaning, hath prevented;
Becauſe, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak; and tim'rouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the Citizens, who, haply, may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your Grace's word ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen and heard him ſpeak:
And do not doubt, right-noble Princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your lordſhip here,
T'avoid the cenſures of the carping world.

Buck. But ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs, what, you hear, we did intend:
And ſo, my good lord Mayor, we bid farewel.

[*Exit Mayor.*

Glo. Go after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all poſt:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of *Edward*'s children;
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for ſaying, he would make his ſon
Heir to the Crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which by the ſign thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controul, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
My Princely father then had wars in *France*;
And, by juſt computation of the time,
Found that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off,
Becauſe, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf; and ſo, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard*'s Caſtle,
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned biſhops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exit* Buck.

Glo.

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*.
Go thou to Fryar *Peuker*; bid them both
Meet me within this Hour at *Baynard*'s Castle.
[*Exeunt* Lov. *and* Catesb. *severally*.
Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of sight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the Princes. [*Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd;
That it may be to day read o'er in *Pauls*.
And, mark, how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; —— who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Baynard's *Castle.*

Enter Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *at several doors.*

Glo. HOW now, how now, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward*'s children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*;
Th' unsatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*,

And

And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*;
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them, that did love their Country's Good,
Cry, God ſave *Richard, England*'s royal King!

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
His Anſwer was, the People were not uſed
To be ſpoke to, except by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end o'th' Hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome ten voices cry'd, God ſave king *Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few:
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applauſe and chearful ſhout
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to *Richard.*
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they, would they not ſpeak?
Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend ſome fear;
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two Churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts:
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer *nay*, and take it.

Glo.

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say *nay* to thee, for myself;
No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Ex.* Glo.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here;
I think, the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day;
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our gen'ral Good,
Are come to have some conf'rence with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ah! my lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtezans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sov'reignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say us *nay!*

Buck. I fear, he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such

Such troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Coufin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And ſo once more return, and tell his Grace.

[*Exit* Cateſby.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Glouceſter *above, between two Biſhops.* Cateſby *returns.*

Mayor. See, where his Grace ſtands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of Virtue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanity:
And ſee, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet!* moſt gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-chriſtian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no ſuch apology;
I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends:
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleaſure?

Buck. Ev'n That, I hope, which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd Iſle.

Glo. I do ſuſpect, I have done ſome offence,
That ſeems diſgracious in the City's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you reſign

The

The ſupream Seat, the Throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of fortune, and your due of Birth,
The lineal Glory of your royal Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd Stock:
While in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's Good,
The noble Iſle doth want her proper limbs:
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal Stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs, and deep oblivion:
Which to re-cure, we heartily ſollicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the Charge
And kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively from blood to blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to anſwer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoak of Sov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me:
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then, in ſpeaking, not incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert,
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;

Yet

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Than in my Greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there Need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majesty;
And make us, doubtless, happy by his Reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy stars;
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by *Edward*'s wife:
For first was he contract to lady *Lucy*,
Your mother lives a witness to that Vow;
And afterward by Substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*.
These both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bless Us and the Land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble Ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,

Unto

Unto a lineal, true-derived courſe.

Mayor. Do, good my lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap theſe cares on me?
I am unfit for State and Majeſty.
I do beſeech you take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuſe it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depoſe the Child, your brother's ſon,
(As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all eſtates)
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our King;
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*

Cateſ. Call them again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of ſtone,
[*Exit* Cateſby.
But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.

Re-enter Buckingham, *and the reſt.*

Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load.
But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal Title,
Long live King *Richard, England*'s worthy King!
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it please you to be crown'd?
Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave
Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel, my Cousin; farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, *and Marquess of* Dorset, *at one Door*; Anne, *Dutchess of* Glouceſter, *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young Daughter, at the other.*

Dutch. WHO meets us here? my Niece *Plantagenet,*
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ſter?*
Now, for my life she's wandring to the *Tower,*
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.
Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?
Anne. No farther than the *Tower*; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of *York?*
Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The

The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's That?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who ſhall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother. I will ſee them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their ſights. I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it ſo:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* Lieu.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your Grace of *York* as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you muſt ſtrait to *Weſtminſter*,
There to be crowned *Richard*'s royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Deſpiteful tidings, O unpleaſing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O *Dorſet*, ſpeak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt out ſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas;
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go, hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret*'s curſe;
Nor mother, wife, nor *England*'s counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, Madam;
Take all the ſwift advantage of the time;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.

Dutch. O Ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice

A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O, would to God, that the incluſive verge
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſave the Queen!
Queen. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.
Anne. No! why? ——When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s coarſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I ſay, I look'd on *Richard*'s face,
This was my wiſh; 'Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
'For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
'And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
'And be thy wife, if any be ſo mad,
'More miſerable by the life of thee,
'Than thou haſt made me, by my dear Lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's curſe:
Which ever ſince hath held mine eyes from reſt,
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.
Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!
Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee! [*To* Dorſet.

Go

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee!
[*To* Anne.
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſs thee!
[*To the Queen.*
I to my grave, where peace and reſt lye with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me unto the *Tower.*

Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow,
For tender Princes; uſe my babies well!
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court.

Flouriſh of Trumpets. Enter Glouceſter *as King*, Buckingham, Cateſby.

K. *Rich.* STAND all apart — Couſin of *Buckingham*, —

Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. *Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we wear theſe glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!

K. *Rich.* [1] Ah! *Buckingham*, now do I ply the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:
Young *Edward* lives — think now, what I would ſpeak.

1 *Ah!* Buckingham, *now do I* play *the Touch*,] The technical term is requiſite here. The poet wrote,

——*now do I* ply *the touch.*

i. e. apply the *touchſtone*: for that is meant by what he calls *touch*. So, again, in *Timon* of *Athens*, ſpeaking of Gold, he ſays:

——— *O, thou* touch *of hearts!*

i. e. thou trial, touchſtone.

Buck.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. *Rich.* Why, *Buckingham*, I say, I would be King.
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.
K. *Rich.* Ha! am I King? 'tis so —— but *Edward* lives ——
Buck. True, noble Prince.
K. *Rich.* O bitter consequence!
That *Edward* still should live —— true, noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
K. *Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit* Buck.
Catesb. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.
K. *Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[2] And unrespective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with consid'rate eyes.
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
Boy, ——
Page. My Lord.
K. *Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. *Rich.* What is his name?
Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tirrel.*
K. *Rich.* I partly know the man; go, call him hither.
[*Exit Boy.*
The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*

2 *And* unrespective *boys;*] *Unrespective*, for unheeding.

No

No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels.
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?
Stan. My Lord,
The Marquis *Dorſet*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the Parts where he abides.
K. *Rich.* Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is ſick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtrait to *Clarence*' daughter. ——
(The boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.)
Look, how thou dream'ſt——I ſay again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is ſick, and like to die.
About it; for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.
I muſt be married to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
[3] Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel?*
Tir. James Tirrel, and your moſt obedient Subject.
K. *Rich.* Art thou, indeed? [*He takes him aſide.*
Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
K. *Rich.* Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. Pleaſe you, I'd rather kill two enemies.
K. *Rich.* Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they, that I would have thee deal upon;
Tirrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the *Tower*.
Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,

3 Uncertain *way of gain!*—] *Uncertain* here uſed for *unconſtant*: for he tells us here, that this was the certain way of eſtabliſhing himſelf.

And

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. *Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, *Tirrel*;
Go, by this token ——— rise, and lend thine ear ——— [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so ——— say, it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it strait. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. *Rich.* Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. *Rich. Stanley,* he is your wife's son; well, look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour, and your faith, is pawn'd;
Th' *Earldom* of *Hereford,* and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. *Rich. Stanley,* look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond,* you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. *Rich.* I do remember me ——— *Henry* the sixth
Did prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.
A King, perhaps ———

Buck. My Lord, ———

K. *Rich.* How chance, the Prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldom—

K. *Rich. Richmond!* when I was last at *Exeter,*
The Mayor in courtesie shewed me the castle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont,* at which name I started;
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once,
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond.*

4 *A King, perhaps*—] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein* ——— have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. Mr. *Pope.*

Buck.

Buck. My Lord,———

K. *Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. *Rich.* But what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.

K. *Rich.* Well, let it ſtrike.

Buck. Why, let it ſtrike?

K. *Rich.* Becauſe, that, like a Jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to day.

Buck. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. *Rich.* Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Is it ev'n ſo? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. 'The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
'The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
'That ever yet this land was guilty of!
'*Dighton* and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborn
'To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
'Albeit they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs,
'Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
'Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
'O thus, (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle babes;———
'Thus, thus, (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
'Within their innocent alabaſter arms:
'Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
'And in their ſummer beauty kiſs'd each other.
'A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
'Which once, (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my mind:
'But, oh! the Devil———there the villain ſtopt:
'When *Dighton* thus told on———we ſmothered
'The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,

' That from the prime creation e'er she framed——
' Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
' They could not speak, and so I left them both,
' To bear these tidings to the bloody King.'

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord!

K. *Rich.* Kind *Tirrel*——am I happy in thy news?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. *Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* And buried, gentle *Tirrel?*

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. *Rich.* Come to me, *Tirrel*, soon, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time — but think, how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel 'till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:
The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham*'s bosom:
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth*, my brother's daughter;
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord,——

K. *Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; *Morton* is fled to *Richmond.*

And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. *Rich.* *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting

Is

Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary.
" [5] Then fiery Expedition be my wing,
" *Jove*'s *Mercury*, and herald for a King!"
Go, muſter men; my Counſel is my ſhield,
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* So now Proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlily have I lurk'd
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witneſs to;
And will to *France*, hoping, the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched *Marg'ret!* who comes here?

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, *and Queen.*

Queen. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. *Mar.* Hover about her; [6] ſay, that wrong for wrong
Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. *Mar. Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

5 *Then fiery Expedition be my wing,*
Jove's Mercury, *and herald for a King!*] Expedition is here characterized in a very ſublime manner. Which, in ſimple phraſe, ſays no more than that *Expedition is the ſoul of all great undertakings. Homer* never taught an uſeful truth more nobly.

6 —*ſay, that* RIGHT *for* RIGHT] It's plain *Shakeſpear* wrote WRONG *for* WRONG; but the players thought that a little rhime was better than all reaſon.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
Why did'st thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. *Mar.* When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on *England*'s lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. *Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signiory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a husband, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Thou had'st an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. *Mar.* Thou had'st a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the Issue of his mother's body;
And makes her Pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. Oh, *Harry*'s wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. *Mar.* Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge.
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward:*
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward:*
Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stabb'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
7 Th' adulterer *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Insues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for vengeance.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottell'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. *Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
The presentation of but what I was;
8 The flatt'ring index of a direful Page;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers, that flatter'd thee?

7 *Th'* ADULTERATE *Hastings*, —— I believe *Shakespear* wrote
Th' ADULTERER *Hastings*, ——

8 *The flatt'ring* index *of a direful* PAGEANT;] Without doubt *Shakespear* wrote
—— *direful* PAGE.

Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou did'st usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoak;
From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewel, *York*'s wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. *Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O! quicken them with thine.

Q. *Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys *(a)* to their client-woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

[*(a)* —*to their client-woes.* Oxford Edition—Vulg. *to your client's woes.*]

Dutch.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

SCENE V.

Enter King Richard, *and his Train.*

K. *Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother *Clarence?*
And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his son?

Queen. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray?*

K. *Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. *Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. *Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

K. *Rich.* And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. *Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
" Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
" Thy ſchool-days frightful, deſp'rate, wild and furious;
" Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
" Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly and bloody."
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. *Rich.* Faith, none but *Humphry Hoare*, that cali'd your Grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me ſpeak.

K. *Rich.* You ſpeak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word:
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.

K. *Rich.* So,——

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extream age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my moſt heavy Curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight,
And there the little ſouls of *Edward*'s children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end!
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. *Rich.* Stay, Madam, I muſt ſpeak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the royal blood
For thee to ſlaughter; for my daughters, *Richard*,
They ſhall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty,
Slander myſelf as falſe to *Edward*'s bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not *Edward*'s daughter.

K. *Rich.* Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood.

Queen. To ſave her life, I'll ſay, ſhe is not ſo.

K. *Rich.* Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.

K. *Rich.* No, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K *Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes deſtiny.
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.

K. *Rich.* You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins?

Queen. Couſins, indeed; and by their Uncle couzen'd
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life:
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. *Rich.* Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?

K. *Rich.* Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.

K. *Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
9 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n all I have; ay, and my self and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad Remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. *Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. *Rich.* What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love, did'st thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. *Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England.*

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n he, that makes her Queen; who else should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. *Rich.* Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou wooe her?

K. *Rich.* I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. *Rich.* With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'ret*

9 *The high imperial* type—] i. e. the throne.

Did

Did to thy father, steept in *Rutland*'s blood,
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. *Rich.* You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. *Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee;
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. *Rich.* [1] Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being King;
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.

1 *Look, what is done,* &c.] This long speech is not in the Edition of 1598 or that of 1602, but added by the Author since. Mr. *Pope.*

I cannot

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* brother:
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a Conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar*'s *Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. *Rich*. Infer fair *England*'s peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. *Rich*. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats ———

Queen. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. *Rich*.

K. *Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen—
Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. *Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
K. *Rich.* Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.
Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?
K. *Rich.* As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.
Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.
K. *Rich.* Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her Subject now.
Queen. But she, your Subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.
K. *Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. *Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a stile.
K. *Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.
Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;
Harp on it still shall I, 'till heart-strings break.
K. *Rich.* Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown ——
Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. *Rich.* I swear.
Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:
The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The Crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. *Rich.* Now by the world ———
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. *Rich.* My father's death ——
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. *Rich.* Then by myself.
Queen. Thy self thy self misuseſt.
K. *Rich.* Why then, by heav'n ——
Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,

Th'

Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here;
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What can'ſt thou ſwear by now?

K. *Rich.* By time to come.

Queen. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt:
For I my ſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whoſe fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-paſt.

K. *Rich.* As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hoſtile arms! my ſelf, my ſelf confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy reſt;
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely Daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to my ſelf and thee,
Her ſelf, the Land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times;
And be not peeviſh found in great deſigns.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget my ſelf to be my ſelf?

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. *Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them; Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. *Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.

K. *Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewel—— [*Exit Queen.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman!

SCENE VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast Rideth a puissant Navy: to our shores Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back. 'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admiral: And there they hull, expecting but the aid Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. *Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of *Norfolk*,

Ratcliff, thy self, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. *Rich. Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. *Rich. Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*; When thou com'st thither—dull unmindful villain, [*To* Catesby.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. *Rich.* O true, good *Catesby*, —bid him levy strait The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your Highneſs told me, I ſhould poſt before.

K. *Rich.* My mind is chang'd———

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing;
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

K. *Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why doſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the ſeas.

K. *Rich.* There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
White-liver'd Runagate, what doth he there?

Stan I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by gueſs.

K. *Rich.* Well, as you gueſs.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

K. *Rich.* Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What Heir of *York* is there alive, but We?
And who is *England*'s King, but great *York*'s heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the ſea?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. *Rich.* Unleſs for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the *Welſh-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore miſtruſt me not.

K. *Rich.* Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
Where are thy Tenants, and thy Followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their ſhips?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

K. *Rich.* Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerve their Sovereign in the Weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;

Pleaſe

Pleaſe it your Majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. *Rich.* Ay, thou would'ſt fain be gone, to join with *Richmond:*
But I'll not truſt thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, falſe.

K. *Rich.* Go then, and muſter men; but leave behind
Your ſon *George Stanley:* look, your heart be firm;
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you! [*Exit* Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious Sov'reign, now in *Devonſhire,*
As I by friends am well advertiſed,
Sir *Edmond Courtney,* and the haughty Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter,* his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. In *Kent,* my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms,
[2] And every hour more competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*——

K. *Rich.* [3] Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death? [*He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou That, 'till thou bring better news.

Meſ. The news I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;

2 *And every hour more* competitors] By the word *competitors,* the ſpeaker would inſinuate, that men flocked to the adverſe party, as if it had been a competition for intereſt and glory. But the *Oxford Editor* will make *Shakeſpear* ſpeak like other people, and ſo reads *complices.*

3 *Out on ye,* Owls!] *i. e.* birds of ill omen.

And

And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. *Rich.* Oh! I cry thee mercy!
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Meſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marquis *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in *Yorkſhire* are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſs,
The *Bretagne* Navy is diſpers'd, by tempeſt.
Richmond in *Dorſetſhire* ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,
If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for *Bretagne*.

K. *Rich.* March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Pow'r landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it muſt be told.

K. *Rich.* Away tow'rds *Salisbury*; while we reaſon here,
A royal battle might be won and loſt:
Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Lord Stanley's *Houſe.*

Enter Lord Stanley, *and Sir* Chriſtopher Urſwick.

Stan. SIR *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me;
That in the ſty of this moſt bloody Boar,

4 My

4 My ſon *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s head;
The fear of That holds off my preſent aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*-weſt in *Wales*.
Stan. What men of name reſort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned ſoldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiſs his hand,
My letter will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, *with halberds, led to Execution.*

Buck. WILL not King *Richard* let me ſpeak with him?
Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings, and *Edward*'s children, *Gray*, and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair ſon *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injuſtice;
If that your moody, diſcontented, ſouls,
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,

4 *My ſon* George Stanley *is* frankt up] See the note on Act I. Scene 4. of this play. Mr. *Pope.*

Ev'n

Ev'n for revenge mock my deſtruction!
This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.
Buck. Why, then *All-Souls* day is my body's Doomſday.
This is the day, which in King *Edward*'s time
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſh'd to fall
By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted:
This, this *All-Souls* day to my fearful Soul,
[1] Is the determin'd reſpect of my wrongs.
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earneſt, what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms.
Thus *Marg'ret*'s Curſe falls heavy on my head:
When he, quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember, *Marg'ret* was a Prophetess.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *Sheriff and Officers.*

SCENE II.

On the Borders of Leiceſter-*Shire. A Camp.*

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others, with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. FELLOWS in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoak of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping Boar
(That

1 *Is the determin'd* RESPITE *of my wrongs.*] This is nonſenſe, we ſhould read RESPECT of my wrongs, *i. e.* requital.

(That ſpoil'd your ſummer-fields, and fruitful vines,)
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms; this foul ſwine
Lyes now ev'n in the centre of this Iſle,
Near to the town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's March.
In God's name, cheerly on, couragious friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt Need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage; then, in God's name, march;
True hope is ſwift, and flies with Swallow's wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Boſworth *Field.*

Enter King Richard *in arms, with* Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, *and others.*

K. *Rich.* HERE pitch our Tents, even here in *Boſworth* field.
My lord of *Surrey*, why look you ſo ſad?

Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. *Rich.* My lord of *Norfolk*, ——

Nor. Here, moſt gracious Liege.

K. *Rich. Norfolk*, we muſt have knocks: ha, muſt we not?

Nor. We muſt both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. *Rich.* Up with my tent, here will I lye to night;
But where to-morrow? —— well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor.

Nor. Six, or seven, thousand is their utmost Power.

K. *Rich.* Why, our Battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline; make no delay;
For, lords, to morrow is a busie day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of* Bosworth *Field.*

Enter Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorset.

Rich. THE weary Sun hath made a golden Set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goest;
Where is lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his Colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lyes half a mile at least
South from the mighty Power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

Rich. [2] Give me some ink and paper; in my tent

2 *Give me some ink and paper*;] I have placed these lines here as they stand in the first editions: the rest place them three speeches before, after the words *Sir* William Brandon, *you shall bear my standard*; interrupting what there follows: *The Earl of* Pembroke, *&c.* I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night.
Mr. *Pope.*

I'll

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength.
Let us conſult upon to morrow's buſineſs;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

SCENE *changes back to* King Richard's *Tent.*

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, *and* Cateſby.

K. *Rich.* WHAT is't o'clock?
Cateſ. It's ſupper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
K. *Rich.* I will not ſup to night.
Give me ſome Ink and Paper.
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cateſ. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readineſs.
K. *Rich.* Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge,
Uſe careful watch, chuſe truſty centinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. *Rich.* Stir with the lark to morrow, gentle *Norfolk.*
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. *Rich.* *Cateſby*, ——
Cateſ. My lord.
K. *Rich.* Send out a purſuivant at arms
To *Stanley*'s regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-riſing, leſt his ſon *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a bowl of wine—give me a watch ——
[*To* Ratcliff.
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow:
Look, that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff, ——
Rat. My lord?
K. *Rich.* Saw'ſt thou the melancholy lord *Northumberland?*
Rat. *Thomas*, the Earl of *Surrey*, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.
K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* I am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have——
There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. *Rich.* Bid my Guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say.
[*Exit* Ratcliff.

SCENE IV.

Changes back to Richmond's *Tent.*

Enter Stanley *to* Richmond: *Lords*, &c.

Stan. FOrtune and Victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Left (being seen) thy brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his father's Sight.
Farewel; the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long-sundred friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these Rites of love!
Once more, adieu! be valiant, and speed well.
Rich. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment;

I'll

I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt. Manet* Richmond.
O thou! whoſe Captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy Miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE V.

Between the Tents of Richard *and* Richmond: *They Sleeping.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. LET me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
Think, how thou ſtab'd'ſt me in the prime of youth
At *Tewkſbury*; therefore deſpair, and die.
Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged ſouls
[*To* Richm.
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s iſſue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me; deſpair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee deſpair, and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror: [*To* Richm.
Harry, that propheſy'd thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep; live thou and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
I, that was waſh'd to death in fulſom wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; deſpair, and die.
Thou off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
[*To* Richm.
The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret:* deſpair, and die.
Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy ſoul deſpair.
[*To K.* Rich.
Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy launce! *Richard*, deſpair, and die.
[*To K.* Rich.
All. Awake! and think our wrongs in *Richard*'s boſom
Will conquer him——Awake, and win the day.
[*To* Richm.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To K.* Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days:
Think on lord *Haſtings*; and deſpair and die.
Quiet, untroubled ſoul, awake, awake! [*To* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England*'s ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the *Tower:*
Let us be Lead within thy boſom, *Richard*,
[*To K.* Rich.
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy

Thy Nephews' ſouls bid thee deſpair and die.
Sleep *Richmond*, ſleep in peace; and wake in joy.
[*To* Richm.
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne, *his Wife.*

Ghoſt. Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife, [*To K.* Rich.
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword: deſpair, and die.
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep:
[*To* Richm.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory,
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the Crown:
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny. [*To K.* Rich.
O, in the battle think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath.
3 I dy'd for Hope, ere I could lend thee aid;
[*To* Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God and good angels fight on *Richmond*'s ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghoſts vaniſh.*
[*K.* Richard *ſtarts out of his dream.*
K. *Rich.* Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, *Jeſu*—ſoft, I did but dream.

3 *I dy'd for* Hope,] *i. e.* I died for wiſhing well to you. But Mr. *Theobald*, with great ſagacity, conjectured *helpe* or *aid*; which gave the line this fine ſenſe, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.*

4 O coward conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue ——is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I fear my ſelf? there's none elſe by;
Richard loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.
Is there a murth'rer here? no; yes, I am.
Then fly—what, from my ſelf? great reaſon; why?
Leſt I revenge. What? my ſelf on my ſelf?
I love my ſelf. Wherefore? for any good,
That I my ſelf have done unto my ſelf?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate my ſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by my ſelf.
I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thy ſelf ſpeak well——Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a ſev'ral Tale,
And ev'ry Tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'ſt degree,
Murther, ſtern murther in the dir'ſt degree,
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
I ſhall deſpair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they: ſince that I my ſelf
Find in my ſelf no pity to my ſelf.
Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

4 *O coward* Conſcience!] This is extremely fine. The ſpeaker had entirely got the better of his *Conſcience*, and baniſhed it from all his *waking* thoughts. But it takes advantage of his ſleep, and frights him in his dreams. With great elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward Conſcience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himſelf awake, and his faculties entire; but takes advantage of reaſon being off its guard, and the powers of the ſoul diſſolved in ſleep. But the Players, amongſt their other innumerable abſurdities in the repreſentation of this Tragedy, make *Richard* ſay, inſtead of *O coward Conſcience, O tyrant Conſcience!* whereby not only a great beauty is loſt, but a great blunder committed. For *Richard* had entirely got the better of his *Conſcience*; which could, on no account, therefore, be ſaid to play the tyrant with him.

Enter

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,———

K. *Rich.* Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord. The early village-cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. *Rich. Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear———

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

K. *Rich.* By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows to night
Have ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of *Richard*,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents, I'll play the eaves-dropper;
To hear, if any mean to ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt K.* Richard *and* Ratcliff.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, *ſitting in his Tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond*.

Rich 'Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleep and faireſt-boading dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſie head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried, *On! Victory!*
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning, is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroak of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have ſaid, loving Countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good Cauſe fight upon our ſide:
The Pray'rs of holy Saints, and wronged ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces.
Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he, they follow? truly, gentlemen;
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One, that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him.
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of *England*'s Chair, where he is falſely ſet;
One, that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his ſoldiers.
If you do ſweat to put a Tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain:
If you do fight againſt your Country's foes,
Your Country's Fat ſhall pay your pains the Hire.
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors.
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards; draw your willing ſwords.
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God, and Saint *George! Richmond*, and victory!

SCENE VII.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff *and* Cateſby.

K. *Rich.* What ſaid *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond?*

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. *Rich.* He ſaid the truth; and what ſaid *Surrey* then?

Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

K. *Rich.* He was i'th' right, and ſo, indeed, it is.
Tell the clock there——give me a Kalendar.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
Who ſaw the Sun to day?

Rat.

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. *Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the East an hour ago——
A black day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My lord?

K. *Rich.* The Sun will not be seen to day;
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army——
I would these dewy tears were from the ground——
Not shine to day? why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond?* for the self-same heav'n,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. *Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.
Call up lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My Forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we our self will follow
In the main battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This and St. *George* to boot! ——What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scrowl.*

Jocky *of* Norfolk, *be not so bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon *thy master is bought and sold.*

K. *Rich.* A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen; go, each man to his Charge.
Let not our babling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember, whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, run-aways,
A scum of *Britons*, and base lackey-peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
5 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in *Bretagne* at *(a)* his mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these over-weening rags of *France*,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of Means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not those bastard *Britons*, whom our fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd;
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lye with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? — hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of *England*; fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head:
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?
Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. *Rich.* Off with his son *George*'s head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;
After the battle let *George Stanley* die.
K. *Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

5 *They would* RESTRAIN *the one*, distain *the other.*] *The one* means the Lands; *the other* their wives. It is plain then we should read,
They would DISTRAIN, *i. e.* seize upon.
[*(a) his.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *our.*]

Our

Our ancient word of courage, fair St. *George*,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! Victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Reſcue, my lord of *Norfolk;* reſcue, reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
[6] Daring an oppoſite to every danger!
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
Reſcue, fair lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. *Rich.* A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!
Cateſ. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
K. *Rich.* Slave, I have ſet my life upon a Caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I think, there be ſix *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I ſlain to day inſtead of him.
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond; *they fight,* Richard *is ſlain.*

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Stanley *bearing the Crown, with divers other lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Couragious *Richmond,* well haſt thou acquit thee:
Lo, here theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, [7] and make uſe of it.

Richm.

6 DARING AN *oppoſite to ev'ry danger!*] We ſhould read,
A DARING *Oppoſite.*

7 —— *and make* USE *of it.*] Some old books read, *make* MUCH *of it:* and therefore Mr. *Theobald* reads ſo too: but very fooliſhly. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* himſelf thus corrected it, to *make uſe of it.*

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!
But tell me first, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in *Leicester* town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of Name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* the lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, Sir *William Brandon*.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white Rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The sons, compell'd, been butchers to the sire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,
Divided in their dire division.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each royal House,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood.
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen:
That she may long live here, God say, Amen! [*Exeunt.*

it. Which signifies don't *abuse* it like the Tyrant you have destroyed; whereas the other reading *make much of it*, signifies *be fond of it*; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion of the Play.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I. page 235.

Thus like the formal VICE, INIQUITY, *&c.*] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of *Shakespear*, it may not be improper for a better apprehension of this whole matter to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern Stage.

The first form, in which the *Drama* appeared in the West of *Europe*, after the destruction of learned *Greece* and *Rome*, and that a calm of Dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all Ranks of people both in *France*, *Spain*, and *England*. In which last place, as we learn by *Stow*, they were in use about the time of *Richard* the Second and *Henry* the Fourth. As to *Italy*, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their Stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *Mimes* and *Attellanes*: By which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth Century.

As to these *Mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old *French* history, intitled *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprizing absurdity of these strange representations. " L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet *(says the honest* " *chronicler)* fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en " la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appelleé " Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel etoit Curé " de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en " la Croix, s'il ne fût eté secourus; & convient qu'un " autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Per-

" sonnage

" ſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain " le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Reſurrection, et " fit très hautement ſon perſonnage; et dura le dit Jeu " ——Et autre Prêtre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de " Nicey, qui eſtoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas; " lequel fut preſque mort en pendant, car le cuer li " faillit, & fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en " Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer tres-bien faite; " car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vou- " loient entrer & iſſer; et avoit deux groſs Culs " d'Acier, &c." Alluding to this kind of repreſen- " tations Archbiſhop *Harſnet*, in his *Declaration of* " *Popiſh Impoſtures*, p. 71. ſays, " The little Children " were never ſo afraid of Hell-mouth in the old Plays, " painted with great gang teeth, ſtaring eyes, and foul " bottle noſe " *Carew* in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller deſcription of them in theſe words, " The *Guary* " *Miracle*, in *Engliſh* a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of inter- " lude compiled in *Corniſh* out of ſome Scripture-hiſtory. " For repreſenting it, they raiſe an earthen Amphithe- " atre in ſome open Field, having the diameter of his " incloſed Playne, ſome 40 or 50 foot. The country " people flock from all ſides many miles off, to hear " and ſee it. For they have therein Devils and " Devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The " Players conne not their parts without book, but are " prompted by one called the *Ordinary*, who follow- " eth at their back with the book in his hand, *&c. &c.*" There was always a Droll or Buffoon in theſe *Myſteries*, to make the People mirth with his ſufferings or abſurdi- ties: and they could think of no better a perſonage to ſuſ- tain this part than the *Devil* himſelf. Even in the *My- ſtery* of the *Paſſion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by *Shakeſpear* (who has frequent alluſions to theſe things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the Players aſks for *a little Vinegar* (as a *property*) *to make their Devil roar*. For after the ſponge with the Gall and Vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the Devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afford-

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ed infinite diverſion to the People. So that *Vinegar* in the old Farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their Devil. We have divers old *Engliſh* Proverbs, in which the Devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly, which all aroſe from the part he bore in theſe *Myſteries*, as in that, for inſtance, of —— *Great cry and little wool, as the Devil ſaid when he ſheared his hogs.* For the ſheep-ſhearing of *Nabal* being repreſented in the *Myſtery* of *David* and *Abigail*, and the Devil always attending *Nabal*, was made to imitate it by *ſhearing a Hog.* This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of the *ridiculous*, in the ancient *Mimes*, as we learn from theſe words of St. *Auſtin: Ne faciamus ut Mimi ſolent, et optemus à Libero Aquam, à Lymphis Vinum* [1].

Theſe *Myſteries*, we ſee, were given in *France* at firſt, as well as in *England*, *ſub dio*, and only in the *Provinces*. Afterwards we find them got into *Paris*, and a Company eſtabliſhed in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to repreſent them. But good Letters and Religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of *Francis* the Firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the *Myſteries* made the Courtiers and Clergy join their intereſt for their ſuppreſſion. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the *Procureur-General*, in the name of the King, preſented a *Requeſt* againſt the Company to the Parliament. The three principal branches of his charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old-Teſtament-Stories inclined the people to Judaiſm; That the New-Teſtament-Stories encouraged libertiniſm and infidelity; and that both of them leſſened the Charities to the Poor: It ſeems that this proſecution ſucceeded; for, in 1548, the Parliament of *Paris* confirmed the company in the poſſeſſion of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the repreſentation of the *Myſteries*. But in *Spain*, we find by *Cervantes*, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good Comedy came in amongſt them: As appears from the excellent Critique of the

1 Civ. D. l. 4.

Canon,

Canon, in the fourth book, where he shews how the old extravagant *Romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *Epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso*; [2]) as the *Mystery-Plays* might be improved into artful *Comedy*. His words are *Pues que si venimos à las Comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribueyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro* [3]; which made them so fond of Miracles that they introduced them into *las Comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the *French* poets turned themselves from *Religious* to *Moral* Farces. And in this we soon followed them: The public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, tho' the *Italians* at this time afforded many just compositions for better Models. These Farces they called *Moralities*. *Pierre Gringore*, one of their old Poets printed one of these *Moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obstiné*. The Persons of the *Drama* are *l'Homme Obstiné* ——*Pugnition Divine*——*Simonie*—— *Hypocrisie* ——and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obstiné* is the Atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the Air, and menacing the Atheist with punishment. After this Scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie* and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their Crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obstiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, tho' in a separate representation, a merry kind of Farce called *Sottié*, in which there was *un Paysan* [the *Clown*] under the name of *Sot commun* [or *Fool*.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the *French*, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot-commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *Moralities*: Whose busi-

2 B. 4. c. 20. 3 Ib. 21.

ness

neſs we may may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our *Shakeſpear* makes to them: As in that fine ſpeech in the beginning of the third Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, where we have this obſcure paſſage,

——— *meerly thou art* Death's Fool,
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill.

For, in theſe *Moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*) is made to employ all his Stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very Jaws of his enemy: So that a repreſentation of theſe Scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very ſame thing is again alluded to in theſe lines of *Love's Labour loſt*,

So Portent-*like I would o'er-rule his State,*
That he ſhould be my Fool, *and I his* Fate.
Act. iv. Sc. 2.

But the *French*, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of Farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the Parents of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel Species, unknown to Nature and Antiquity, called *Tragi-Comedy*.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The Play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets Misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolsey, *his first Minister and Favourite.*
Cranmer, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, *the Pope's Legat.*
Capucius, *Ambassador from the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth.*
Sir Thomas Audleie, *Lord Keeper after Sir* Thomas More; *and then Lord Chancellor.*
Gardiner, *Bishop of* Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guilford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands.
Cromwel, *first Servant to* Wolsey, *afterwards to the King.*
Griffith, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen* Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Physician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen Catharine, *first Wife to King* Henry, *afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.*
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman of the Bed-chamber to Queen* Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her, Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in *London* and *Westminster*; once, at *Kimbolton.*

The LIFE of King *HENRY* VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber *in the* Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *at one door: at the other, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in *France?*

Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde.*

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde:*
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time,
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,

[1] 'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above it self. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
[2] Made former wonders, it's. To day the *French*,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the *English*; and to-morrow they
Made *Britain*, *India*: every man that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them; [3] that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd, incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
[4] Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that old fabulous story
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
That [5] *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing

1 *'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd*
To one above it self.—] The thought is odd and whimsical; and obscure enough to need an explanation——'Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in *Henry* VIII. who could support her even above her condition in finery.

2 *Made former wonders, it's.*—] i. e. the last drew over all the former wonders into it self, as the greater draws the less.

3 ——*that their very labour*
Was to them as a painting.—] i. e. the labour they sustained in bearing the weight of their finery, gave them so fresh a colour, as saved the trouble and expence of painting.

4 *Durst wag his tongue in* censure.—] *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance.

5 *Bevis*] *The old romantic legend of* Bevis *of* Southampton.
Mr. *Pope.*

Would

Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which Action's self was tongue to. [6] All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; The office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, sure, [7] that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
[8] That such a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web; —— this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
[9] A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell

6 —— *All was royal*, &c.] This speech was given in all the editions to *Buckingham*; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to *Norfolk*.

7 —— *that promises no* element] *element*, for talent, capacity.

8 *That such a* ketch——] Ketch, from the *Italian Caicchio*, signifying a tub, barrel, or hogshead. *Skinner.* Mr. *Pope.*

9 *A gift that heaven gives* for him, *which buys*
A place next to the King.] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read,

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the King——

What

What heav'n hath giv'n him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him; [1] whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this *French* Going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t'appoint
Who ſhould attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry: for the moſt part ſuch,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
[2] Muſt fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying mannors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the *French* and us not values
The coſt, that did conclude it.

Buck. [3] Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and not conſulting, broke

1 ——— *whence has he that,*
If not from hell? the devil—] This ill pointing makes nonſenſe of the thought, I have regulated it as it now ſtands.

2 *Muſt fetch in him he* papers.] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own ſingle authority, and without the concurrence of the council, muſt fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't underſtand it unleſs this be the meaning. Mr. *Pope.*

3 ——*Every man,*
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, &c.] His author, *Hall*, ſays, *Monday* 18th *day of* June *there blew ſuch ſtorms of wind and weather that marvel was to bear; for which hideous tempeſt ſome ſaid it was a very prognoſtication of trouble and hatred to come between princes.* In *Henry* VIII. p. 80.

Into

Into a general propheſie, that this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
4 Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this buſineſs
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you,
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes tow'rds you
5 Honour and plenteous ſafety;) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A miniſter in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be ſaid,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the purſe borne before him, certain of the guard, and two ſecretaries with Papers; the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Wol. The Duke of *Buckingham*'s ſurveyor? ha?

4 *Th' ambaſſador is* ſilenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This being proper to be ſaid of an *Orator*; and an ambaſſador or publick miniſter being called an Orator, he applies *ſilenc'd* to ambaſſador.

5 *Honour and* plenteous *ſafety*;—] *plenteous*, for full, *entire*. But *full* alſo ſignifying *plenteous* he uſes *plenteous* to denote *entire*.

Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more;
And *Buckingham* shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord;
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in *England*
Can advise me, like you: be to your self,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, wastes it? be advis'd:
I say again, there is no *English* Soul
More stronger to direct you than your self;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,

Or

Or but allay, the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your Preſcription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
[6] From ſincere motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Nor. Say not, treaſonous.
Buck. To th' King I'll ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of rock.——Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't;) [7] his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, [8] ſuggeſts the King our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, th' enterview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i'th' rinſing.
Nor. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.——This cunning Cardinal
The articles o'th' combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, *let it be*——to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well——for worthy *Wolſey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treaſon;) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his aunt,

6 *From* ſincere *motions*;] in the ſenſe of *ſyncerus*, *Lat.* legitimate, out of love to my country, and from no private prejudices.

7 ——*his mind and place*
Infecting one another;] This is very ſatirical. His mind he repreſents as highly corrupt; and yet he ſuppoſes the contagion of the *place* of firſt miniſter as adding an infection to it.

8 ——ſuggeſts *the King our maſter*] *ſuggeſts*, for excites.

(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*;) here makes viſitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well——for, I am ſure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted,
Ere it was aſk'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the King's courſe,
And break the foreſaid peace. Let the King know,
(As ſoon he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh, you were
Something miſtaken in't.

Buck. No, not a ſyllable:
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape,
He ſhall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of high treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure
You ſhall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing

To

To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleaſure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach lord *Montague*; and the bodies
Of the Duke's confeſſor, *John de la Court*
And *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor.

Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o'th' plot; no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My ſurveyor is falſe, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpann'd already:
I am the ſhadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whoſe figure ev'n this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun. My lord, farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's ſhoulder; the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovel; *the Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet, on his right ſide.*

King. MY life it ſelf, [8] and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i'th level

8 ——*and the beſt* heart *of it,*] The expreſſion is monſtrous. The heart is ſuppoſed the ſeat of life: But, as if he had many lives, and to each of them, a heart, he ſays, *his beſt heart*. A way of ſpeaking that would have become a cat rather than a King.

Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham*'s in person;
I'll hear him his confessions justifie,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, *crying*, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen *usher'd by the Dukes of* Norfolk, *and* Suffolk: *she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [*To* Wolsey.
(My good Lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions; yet the King our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) ev'n he 'scapes not
Language unmannerly; yea such, which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,

Unfit

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
9 And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
1 And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in aught
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame,
2 Things that are known alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd

9 *And lack of other* means, ——] *Means* does not signify methods of livelihood, for that was said immediately before—*unfit for other life*; but it signifies, *necessaries*——*compelled*, says the speaker, *for want of bread and other necessaries*. But the poet using, for the thing, [*want of bread*] the effect of it, [*hunger*] the passage is become doubly obscure; first, by using a term in a licentious sense, and then by putting it to a vicious construction. The not apprehending that this is one of the distinguishing peculiarities in *Shakespear*'s stile, has been the occasion of so much ridiculous correction of him.

1 *And Danger serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

2 *Things that are known* alike——] *alike*, for equally to all.

Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
[3] There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
[4] By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft

3 *There is no primer* BASENESS.] The Queen is here complaining of the suffering of the Commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore,

There is no primer BUSINESS.

i.e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

4 *By sick interpreters, or weak ones,*—] *Sick*, for prejudiced.

Hitting

Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt act: if we ſtand ſtill, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit:
Or ſit ſtate-ſtatues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear:
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe, not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution! ——— why, we take
5 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
The air will drink the ſap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commiſſion: pray look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry ſhire,
Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
That, through our interceſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes; I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secretary.*

SCENE V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm ſorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many;
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.

5 *From every tree,* lop, *bark, and part o'th' timber:*] *Lop* is a ſubſtantive, and ſignifies the *branches.*

Yet see, when [6] noble benefits shall prove
[7] Not well dispos'd, the mind grown once corrupt,
[8] They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his; and is become as black,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wish to your high person,
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him

6 —— *noble* benefits, ——] *benefits*, for accomplishments.
7 *Not well* dispos'd, ——] *dispos'd*, for placed, situate.
8 *They turn to vicious* forms, ——] *Forms*, for habits, which he afterwards calls *monstrous habits*.

At

At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesy of *Nicholas Hopkins*.
King. What was that *Hopkins?*
Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.
King. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the *French* would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my Chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the *(a)* Confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My Chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, shou'd utter; with demure confidence,
Thus pausingly ensu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o'th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England*.———
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.
King. Let him on.
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth:
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions

[*(a) Confession*—Mr. *Theobald*] Vulg. *Commission.*]

The

'The Monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell*'s heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? ah ha———
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer*———

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' usurper *Richard*, who, being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
9 Does an irresolute purpose.

9 *Does an* irresolute *purpose.*] *Irresolute*, for unperformed simply.

King.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryal; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. [1] IS't possible, the spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange mockeries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,

1 *Is't possible, the* spells *of* France *should juggle*
Men into such strange MYSTERIES?] These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the *spells* of *France*. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers, &c. with *spells* and *charms* could force men to commit idle fantastic actions; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus,

Men into such strange MOCKERIES:

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir *Thomas More*, speaking of this very matter at the same time, says,

Ut more SIMIÆ *laboret fingere*
Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias.

But the *Oxford Editor*, without regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries*; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or *juggled* into by *spells*, must have a *passive* signification, as *mockeries*, [i. e. visible figures] not an *active*, as *mimick'ries*.

(That

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom: how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell?*

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our Monsieurs
To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) " leave those remnants
" Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
" With all their honourable points of ignorance
" Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
" Abusing better men than they can be,
" Out of a foreign wisdom; clean renouncing
" The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
" Short-bolster'd breeches, [2] and those types of travel;
" And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov.

2 ——*and those* types *of travel*;] Very finely called so; as the mark of that vanity of mind, which was all our youth had gained by *travel*.

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down Ladies:
A *French* ſong and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're going:
For, ſure, there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,
An honeſt country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain ſong,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current muſick too.
Cham. Well ſaid, Lord *Sands*;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet?
Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going?
Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that ſaid other of him.
Sands. He may, my Lord, has wherewithal: in him,
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They're ſet here for examples.
Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones: my barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I'm your Lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to York-houſe.

Hautboys. A ſmall table under a ſtate for the Cardinal, a longer table for the gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as gueſts, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* Henry Guilford.

Guil. LADIES, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes you all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As firſt-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands *and* Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. Your're young, Sir *Harry Guilford.*

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovell,* had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet ere they reſted:
I think, would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your Lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe.

Sands. I would, I were;
They ſhould find eaſie penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how eaſie?

Sands. As eaſie, as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir *Harry,*
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay, you muſt not freeze;
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather:
My Lord *Sands,* you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, ſit between theſe ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And

And thank your lordſhip. By your leave; ſweet ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated: gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his ſtate.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.

Wol. My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour;
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?

Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

Anne. You're a merry gameſter,
My Lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladyſhip, and pledge it, Madam;
For 'tis to ſuch a thing ——

Anne. You cannot ſhew me.

Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers diſcharged.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And

And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers,
For ſo they ſeem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the *French* tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All ariſe, and tables removed.*

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and, once more,
I ſhowre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King *and others as Maſkers, habited like Shepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleaſures?

Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no *Engliſh*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view theſe ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor houſe grace: for which I pay 'em
A thouſand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleaſures.

[*Chuſe ladies, King and* Anne Bullen.

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Muſick. Dance.*

Wol. My Lord.——.

Cham.

Cham. Your Grace?
Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place than my ſelf, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it. [*Whiſper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Wol. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me ſee then:
By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair aſſembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal:
I ſhould judge now unhappily.
Wol. I'm glad,
Your Grace is grown ſo pleaſant.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither, what fair lady's that?
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen*'s daughter,
(The Viſcount *Rochford*,) one of her Highneſs' women.
King. By heaven, ſhe's a dainty one: ſweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
[*To* Anne Bullen.
And not to kiſs you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's freſher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies every one: ſweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you; let's be merry.
Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To-

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.
[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 *Gen.* WHither away so fast?
2 *Gen.* O Sir, God save ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham.*
1 *Gen.* I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gen.* You may guess quickly, what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 *Gen.* I'm sorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.
2 *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations
He pleaded still not guilty; and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his Face;
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor, and *John Court*
Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gen.* That was he,

That

That fed him with his prophecies.
1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not:
And ſo his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely;
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2 *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.
1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: firſt, *Kildare*'s attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.
2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep, envious one.
1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And, gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly: and, o' my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham *from his Arraignment, (Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each ſide) accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common People*, &c.

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd Man you ſpeak of.
2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet, heav'n bear witneſs,
And if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the Premiſes, but Juſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in miſchief;
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good Angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beſeech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences

'Gainſt

'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: [1] no black envy
Shall mark my grave. ——Commend me to his Grace:
And, if he ſpeak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heav'n: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and, 'till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs, and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: ſee, the barge be ready:
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his Perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*:
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now ſeal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying

[1] ——— *no black envy*
Shall MAKE *my grave.*—] The ſenſe of this is, that envy ſhould not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he would ſay; he believed the Cardinal's envy did procure his death. He is ſpeaking not of another's envy, but his own. And his thought is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving temper. We ſhould read therefore,

——— *no* black *envy*
Shall MARK *my grave*——

alluding to the old cuſtom of marking good or ill, by a *white* or *black* ſtone.

My

My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroak has taken
For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd.
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
2 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure, you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewel; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak, how I fell——I've done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require

2 *Where you are lib'ral*, &c.] The poet, ſupported by the truth of hiſtory, has very judiciouſly made this Duke of *Buckingham*; and his great rival, the Cardinal, in their fall, complain that their misfortunes were owing to two oppoſite cauſes: The one, by making *friends indiſcreetly*: The other, by making *none at all*. An uſeful leſſon to men of their rank and ſtation. See ote to Act III. Scene 6.

A ſtrong

A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a ſeparation
Between the King and *Cath'rine?*

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtrait
To ſtop the rumour; and allay thoſe tongues,
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 *Gen.* But that ſlander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was: and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) poſſeſs'd him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his aſking,
The Arch-biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think, you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

My lord, the horſes your lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for

London, *a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed; well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew:
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of Her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,
These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,

And

And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The *French* King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
3 Into what pinch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in,
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him;
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

SCENE IV.

The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your selves

3 *Into what* PITCH *he please.*] Here is a strange dissonance in the metaphor, which is taken from unbaked dough. I read,
Into what PINCH *he please.*
i. e. into what shape he please.

Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is buſineſs of eſtate; in which we come
To know your royal pleaſure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolſey, *and* Campeius *the Pope's Legat, with a Commiſſion.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded conſcience!
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—You're welcome,
Moſt learned rev'rend ſir, into our kingdom;
[*To* Campeius.
Uſe us, and it: my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conf'rence.

King. We are buſie; go. [*To* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. This prieſt has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to ſpeak of:
I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wiſdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if they have any goodneſs,
The tryal juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurſe of Judgment,
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,

This

This juſt and learned prieſt, Cardinal *Campeius*;
Whom once more I preſent unto your Highneſs.
King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;
They've ſent me ſuch a man I would have wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers' loves,
You are ſo noble: to your Highneſs' hand
I tender my commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their ſervant,
In the impartial judging of this buſineſs.
King. Two equal men: the Queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner?*
Wol. I know your Majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of leſs place might aſk by law;
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. Ay, and the beſt, ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me.
King. Come hither, *Gardiner.* [*Walks and whiſpers.*
Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, ſurely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then
Ev'n of your ſelf, lord Cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him;

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit* Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receit of learning, is *Black-Fryers:*
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience, conscience!—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Antechamber of the Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. NOT for that neither——here's the pang, that pinches.
His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; oh, now after
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire; after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better

She

She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
4 Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſuff'rance panging
As ſoul and body's ſev'ring.
Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's ſtranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her; verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content;
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt Having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſie;
You, that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth——
Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.
Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.

4 *Yet if that* quarrel, *Fortune*,—] He calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her ſtriking ſo deep and ſuddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow ſo called. Thus *Fairfax*,

——*Twang'd the firing, out-flew the* quarrel *long.*

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing: I my self
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth to know
The secret of your conf'rence?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his Grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all, which is nothing: Nor my prayers
Are

5 *More than my all, is nothing:*] No figure can free this expression from

Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a Gem,
To lighten all this isle—I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other Obligation? By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

from nonsense. In spite of the exactness of measure, we should read,

More than my all, WHICH *is nothing*, i. e. which all is nothing.

Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence! pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Black-Fryers.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and St.* Asaph; *next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory: below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. WHilst our commission from *Rome* is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be't so; proceed.
Scribe. Say, *Henry* King of *England*, come into the Court.

Cryer.

Cryer. *Henry* King of *England*, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Catharine*, Queen of *England*, Come into the Court.

Cryer. *Catharine*, Queen of *England*, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks;*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person; in God's name,
Turn me away: And let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for

A Prince

A Prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd
That they had gather'd a wiſe Council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beſeech you, ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whoſe counſel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) theſe rev'rend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning:
Yea, the elect o'th'land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unſettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal Seſſion do proceed;
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.

Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo; certain,
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble: nay, before;
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I ſay again,

I utterly

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like your self; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is present; if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking;
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
[6] You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where Pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Your self pronounce their office, I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than

6 *You sign your place and calling,* ——] *Sign*, for answer.

Your

Your high profeſſion ſpiritual: That again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his Holineſs;
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt t'accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, Queen of *England*, come into the Court.

Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience!—pray you, paſs on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*;
That man i'th' world who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted;
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious elſe, could ſpeak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried her ſelf tow'rds me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare, in hearing
Of all theſe ears (for where I'm rob'd and bound,

There

There must I be unloos'd;—[7] although not there
Aton'd, and fully satisfy'd;) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word,
That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred
The passages made tow'rds it:—On my honour,
I speak my good lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,

[7] ——— *although not there*
AT ONCE, *and fully satisfy'd*; ———] What he aims at is this; where I am robbed and bound, there must I be unloosed, tho' the injurers be not there to make me satisfaction: as much as to say, I owe so much to my own innocence, as to clear up my character, tho' I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice. It seems then that *Shakespeer* wrote,
ATON'D, *and fully satisfy'd.* ———

Whether

Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The Bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And pres't in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
Do no more Offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the best heir o' th' world) should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
I then did feel full-sick, and yet not well;)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread; that I committed
The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt:
And did intreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King.

King. I then mov'd you,
My lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons: Unſollicited
I left no rev'rend perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore go on;
For no diſlike i' th' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come, with her,
(*Catharine* our Queen) before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd i' th' world.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this Court to further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs.

King. I may perceive,
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the Court,
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench, my ſoul grows ſad with troubles:
Sing, and diſperſe 'em, if thou canſt; leave working.

SONG.

SONG.

ORpheus *with his lute made trees,*
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his musick, plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art,
Killing-care, and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gen. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gen. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
[1] They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw

[1] *They should be good men, their* affairs *are righteous,*] Affairs for *professions*, and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is, they are priests. The *illation*, therefore they are good men; *for* being understood: But if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd.

Into

Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; 'would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em;
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,*——

Queen. O, good my lord, no *latin*;
I am not such a truant, since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray, speak in *English*; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my Integrity should breed
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour, ev'ry good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty diff'rence
Between the King and you: and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both

Both of his truth and him; (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel.——

Queen. To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those fears.
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
" (Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,)
And live a subject? ² They, forsooth, my friends——
They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would, your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

——NAY, *forsooth*,—] We should read, THEY, *forsooth*.

Queen.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for Both, my ruin:
Is this your chriſtian counſel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there ſits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.

Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my lords: is this your comfort?
The cordial, that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,
I have more charity. But ſay, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for heav'n's ſake, leſt at once,
The burthen of my ſorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer diſtraction;
[3] You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would you have me
(If you have any juſtice, any pity,
" [4] If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas! h'as baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago. I'm old, my lords;
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worſe ——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me ſpeak my ſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare ſay, without vain glory;)
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?

3 *You turn the good we offer into* envy.] *Envy*, for evil.

4 *If ye be any thing, but churchmens' habits*] This is finely expreſſed. Our great modern poet uſes the ſame thought:

—— *If the Monarch plays the Monk,*
If Goblet like the Parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and Want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but Leather or Prunello.

Have

Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me———

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost, no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest;
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt your self; nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble, temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us

Those

Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends and ſervants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo: you wrong your virtues
With theſe weak women's fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware, you loſe it not; for us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice.
Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd my ſelf unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his Majeſty.
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartments.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. IF you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers

Have

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, [5] or at leaſt
Stood not neglected? [6] when did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon;
Out of't him ſelf?

Cham. My lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures;
What he deſerves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His ſpell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettled,
Not to come off, in his moſt high diſpleaſure.

Sur. I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And came to th'eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holineſs

5 ——————*or at leaſt*
STRANGELY *neglected?*——] The plain ſenſe requires us to read, STOOD NOT *neglected.*

6 ——————*when did he regard*
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon
Out OF *himſelf?*] The expreſſion is bad, and the thought falſe. For it ſuppoſes *Wolſey* to be *noble*, which was not ſo: we ſhould read and point,

——————*when did he regard*
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon;
Out OF'T *himſelf?*

i. e. when did he regard *nobleneſs* of blood in another; having none of his own to value himſelf upon?

To

To ſtay the Judgment o' th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen.*
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
7 And edges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his phyſick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my lord,
For, I profeſs, you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young; and may be left
To ſome ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I perſuade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this letter of the Cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more waſps, that buz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is ſtol'n away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cauſe o'th' King unhandled; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our Cardinal,

7 *And* EDGES *his own way.*—] It is not ſaid, that the King perceives how he *obſtructs* his own way; but how *obliquely* he purſues it; we ſhould read therefore,

EDGES *his own way.*

To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him;
And let him cry, ha, louder?
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.
Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey *and* Cromwell.

The Cardinal———
Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?
Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'th' infide of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit* Cromwell.
It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alanson*, [*Aside.*
The *French* King's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,———
There's more in't than fair visage—*Bullen!*———
No,

No, we'll no *Bullens!*——ſpeedily, I wiſh
To hear from *Rome*——the marchioneſs of *Pembroke!*——

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!

Wol. [*Aſide.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's daughter!
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the Queen's Queen!——
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it.
Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous,
And well deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th' boſome of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething

SCENE III.

Enter King, reading of a ſchedule; and Lovell.

Sur. I would, 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.——

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and ſtarts;

[8] Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; ſtrait,
Springs out into faſt gait, then ſtops again;
Strikes his breaſt hard, and then anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon; in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conſcience put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an Inventory, thus importing;
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs and ornaments of houſhold, which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.

[*He takes his ſeat, whiſpers* Lovell, *who goes to* Wolſey.

Wol. Heav'n forgive me ——
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs! ——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit; ſure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

[8] *Stops on a ſudden,* &c.] How well the poet copies nature here, we may ſee by *Salluſt*'s deſcription of *Catiline*'s agitations, *Citus modo, modò tardus incedere; prorſus in facie vecordia inerat.*

Wol.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time, to think upon the part of buſineſs
I bear i'th' ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying!

King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He ſaid, he did: and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home;
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*

Sur. The lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us, or no? what ſay you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confeſs your royal graces
Showr'd on me daily have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
9 Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own Ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate: For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I

9 *Beyond all man's* endeavours.—] *Endeavours* for deſerts. But the *Oxford Editor*, not knowing the ſenſe in which the word is here uſed, alters it to *ambition*.

Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My pray'rs to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and ev'ry function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* Wolsey; *the Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

[a] Leap'd

' Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
' Upon the daring huntſman, that has gall'd him;
' Then makes him nothing.' I muſt read this paper:
I fear, the ſtory of his anger——'tis ſo——
This paper has undone me ——'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And ſee my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this——*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay, then farewel;
I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſs;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haſte now to my ſetting. ' I ſhall fall,
' Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
' And no man ſee me more.'

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolſey, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal, who commands you
To render up the Great Seal preſently
Into our hands, and to confine your ſelf
To *Aſher-houſe*, my lord of *Wincheſter*'s,
'Till you hear further from his Highneſs.
Wol. Stay:
Where's your commiſſion, lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.
Suf. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expreſly?

Wol. [1] 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice;) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded, ——— Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how sleek, and wanton,
Y'appear in ev'ry thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

[1] *'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,*
(I mean your malice;) know——I dare——deny it.] They bid him render up his *seal*. He answers, *where's your commission?* They say, *we bear the King's will from his mouth.* He replies, *'Till I find*, &c. *i. e.* all the *will* or *words* I yet discover proceed from your malice; and, 'till I find more than that, I shall not comply with your demand. One would think this plain enough; yet the *Oxford Editor*, in the rage of emendation, alters the line thus,

Whilst I find more than his will, or words to it,
I mean your malice, &c.

which bears this noble sense, worthy a wise Lord Chancellor: Whilst I find your malice joined to the King's will and pleasure, I shall not obey that will and pleasure.

You

You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his succour; from the King; from all,
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever-royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel, nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility; our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you,
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

Lay kiſſing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I'm bound in charity againſt it!

Nor. Thoſe articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine innocence ariſe;
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can, bluſh, and cry guilty, Cardinal;
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worſt objections: if I bluſh,
It is to ſee a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want thoſe, than my head; have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legat; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your ſervant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambaſſador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

Sur. Item, You ſent a large commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highneſs and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be ſtampt on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh *Rome*; and to prepare the ways

You

You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
2 Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*)
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* Wolsey.

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, 3 nips his root;

And

2. *Which since they* are of you—] *i. e.* regard your person. One was that knowing himself to be pox'd, he yet came near the King's person.

3. — Nips his *root*;] As spring frosts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit trees, I should imagine the Poet wrote SHOOT, *i. e.* that tender

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, *standing amaz'd.*

Why, how now, *Cromwell?*

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell.*
I know my self now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

der *shoot* on which are the young *leaves* and *blossoms.* The comparison, as well as expression of *nips*, is juster too in this reading. He has the same thought in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Byron *is like an envious sneaping* frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

So *Milton in Sampson Agonistes,*

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,
Nip'd *with the lagging rear of winter's* frost.

which seems to be taken from the place in question.

O, 'tis

O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.
Crom. I'm glad, your Grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope, I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas More* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden ———
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?
Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.
Wol. That's news, indeed.
Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;
(That sun, I pray, may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,

I know

I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard: say then, I taught thee;
Say, [4] *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it,
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thy self last; [5] cherish those hearts, that hate thee:

Corruption

4 — Wolsey, *that once* TROD *the* WAYS *of glory.*] As the words, *sounded, depths, shoals, wreck,* follow: the uniformity of metaphor would dispose *Shakespear* methinks to write here,

—— RODE *the* WAVES *of glory.*

So in *Troilus and Cressida. As if the passage and whole carriage of this action* RODE *on his* TIDE.

5 —— *cherish those hearts, that* HATE *thee:*] Though this be good divinity; and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in ———
There, take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell, Cromwell*,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of Court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* YOU'RE well met once again.
2 *Gen.* And so are you.
1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

enemies and be in no pain for his friends. I am of opinion the Poet wrote

—*cherish those hearts that* WAIT *thee.*

i. e. thy dependents. For the contrary practice had contributed to *Wolsey*'s ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependents by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction,

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i.e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence.

The

The lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow:
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the citizens,
I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds,
And, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what That contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catharine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Ampthil*, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!———

The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[*Hautboys.*

The

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flouriſh of trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purſe and mace before him.*
4. *Choriſters ſinging.* [Muſick.
5. *Mayor of* London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marqueſs of* Dorſet, *bearing a ſcepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the rod of ſilver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his robe of eſtate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the rod of marſhalſhip, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports, *under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each ſide her, the biſhops of* London *and* Wincheſter.
9. *The old Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
10. *Certain ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, *with a great flouriſh of trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me; theſe I know: Who's that, who bears the Scepter?

1 *Gen.* Marqueſs *Dorſet.*

And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That ſhou'd be The Duke of *Suffolk.*

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.

2 *Gen.* And that my lord of *Norfolk.*

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heav'n bleſs thee!

Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on,

Sir,

Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,
And more and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:
I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
The cloth of ſtate above her, are four barons
Of the *Cinque-Ports.*

2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all, are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, the dutcheſs of *Norfolk.*

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the reſt are counteſſes.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars, indeed:
And ſometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God ſave you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am ſtifled,
With the meer rankneſs of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſat down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate; oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people:
(Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman,
That ever lay by man;) which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces

Been

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen:
As holy oil, *Edward* Confessor's Crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nob'ly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To *York Place*, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*; the one of *Winchester*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.*

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell,*
A man in much eſteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Maſter o'th' jewel-houſe,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you ſhall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ſhall be my gueſts:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Kimbolton.

Enter Catharine *Dowager, ſick, led between* Griffith *her gentleman uſher, and* Patience *her woman.*

Grif. HOW does your Grace?

Cath. O *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair—
So—— now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe.
[*Sitting down.*
Didſt thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolſey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think, your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſie roads he came to *Leiceſter*;
Lodg'd.

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, 'O father Abbot,
'An old man, broken with the storms of state,
'Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
'Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. "So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
"Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
"And yet with charity; he was a man
"Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
"Himself with Princes: [1] one, that by suggestion
"Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play:
"His own opinion was his law. I'th' Presence
"He would say untruths, and be ever double
"Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
"But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
"His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
"But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
"[2] Of his own body he was ill, and gave
"The clergy ill example."

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues

1 ——*one, that by* suggestion

Ty'd *all the kingdom*;] i. e. by giving the King pernicious counsel, he *ty'd* or enslaved the kingdom. He uses the word here with great propriety, and seeming knowledge of the *Latin* tongue. For the late *Roman* writers, and their glossers, agree to give this sense to it: SUGGESTIO *est cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit.* So that nothing could be severer than this reflexion, that that wholsom counsel, which it is the minister's duty to give his prince, was so empoisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country. Yet all this fine sense vanishes instantaneously before the touch of the *Oxford Editor*, by his happy thought of changing *Ty'd* into *Tyth'd*.

2 *Of his own body he was ill,*—] i. e. he abused his body by intemperance and luxury.

We

We write in water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour, from his cradle;
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them, that lov'd him not:
But to thoſe men, that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and *Oxford!* one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note,
I nam'd my knell! whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad and ſolemn muſick.

Grif. She is aſleep: good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The

The vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: (At which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace; where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif Madam, we're here.
Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Cath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness
And brought me garlands, *Griffith.* which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Cath. Bid the musick leave,
'Tis harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——
Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. An't like your Grace ———

Cath. You are a ſaucy fellow,
Deſerve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Meſ. I humbly do intreat your Highneſs pardon:
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A gentleman, ſent from the King, to ſee you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be lord ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius.*

Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
Firſt, mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you;
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle phyſick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm paſt all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highneſs?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſh'd the Kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.
Cap. Most willing, Madam.
Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous Breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy, that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heav'n, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him;
For so I will —— mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My lord—*Griffith*, farewel—nay, *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ——
Call in more women —— When I'm dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more—— [*Exeunt, leading* Catharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the PALACE.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovell.

Gard. IT's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath ſtruck.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times, to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas*;
Whither ſo late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?
Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.
Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovell*; what's the matter?
It ſeems, you are in haſte: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs. Affairs, that walk
(As they ſay, ſpirits do,) at midnight, have
[1] In them a wilder nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you:
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,

1 *In them a wilder nature——*] *Wild*, for uncommon.

They

They ſay, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the ſtock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conſcience ſays,
She's a good creature, and (ſweet lady) does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*——You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wiſe, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovell*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i'th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he's made maſter
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary: Further,
[2] Stands in the gap and tread for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's hand, and tongue; and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?

Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I my ſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him; indeed, this day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'th' Council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt arch heretick, a peſtilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath ſo far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace
And princely care, foreſeeing thoſe fell miſchiefs
Our reaſons laid before him; he hath commanded,
To morrow morning to the council-board

2 *Stands in the gap and* TRADE *for more preferments.*] We ſhould read TREAD, *i. e.* road.

He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir *Thomas*.
[*Exeunt* Gardiner *and Page*.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your Servant. [*Exit* Lovell.

SCENE II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more to night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles*;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, *Lovell*, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, a good night: [*Exit* Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! *Canterbury!*——
Denny. Yea, my good lord,
King. 'Tis true—where is he, *Denny?*
Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovell *seemeth to stay.*
Ha!——I have said——be gone.
What!—— [*Exeunt* Lovell *and* Denny.

SCENE III.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my lord? you do desire to know,
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.
King. Pray you, rise;
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury:*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our *Tower:* You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed; or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder. For, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd,
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,

I mean,

I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.

Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee
You do appear before them. If they chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe; and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſt mother!
I ſwear, he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
He's ſtrangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bleſs her!—'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen

Desires your visitation; and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. *Lovell*———

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen. [*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the issue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? hoa?
Who waits there? sure, you know me?

Enter Door-Keeper.

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So———

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* Butts.

Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,

The

The King's phyſician; as he paſt along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he ſound not my diſgrace! for certain,
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door: a fellow-counſellor,
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight ——
King. What's that, *Butts?*
Butts. I think, your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.
King. Body o' me: where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his ſtate at door 'mongſt purſuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,
They'd parted ſo much Honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt, good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordſhips' pleaſures;
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe,
We ſhall hear more anon ———

SCENE V.

The COUNCIL.

A council-table brought in with chairs and ſtools, and placed under the ſtate. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the table on the left hand: A ſeat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfolk, Surrey, *Lord Chamberlain, and* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in order on each ſide.* Cromwell *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. SPEAK to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in Council?

Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The cauſe concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer *approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty: but [3] we are all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty

3 ——— *we are all men*
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, ———] If all men were actually frail, they were more than capable of frailty; to underſtand this therefore, as only ſaid of the natural weakneſs of humanity, it is abſurdly expreſſed; but this was not our author's ſenſe: By, *in our own natures frail,* he alludes to the doctrine of original ſin: So that the ſentiment is this, We are ſinners by imputation, and liable to become actually ſo.

And want of wiſdom, you, that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd your ſelf, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are hereſies;
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble lords; for thoſe, that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
(Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pity
To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewel all phyſick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole ſtate: as of late days our neighbours
The upper *Germany* can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little ſtudy) that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
(Both in his private conſcience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your lordſhips,
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,

And

And by that virtue no man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My lord, becauſe we've buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort wi'you. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;
Where, being but a private man again,
You ſhall know, many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ay, my good lord of *Wincheſter*, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekneſs, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear my ſelf,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But rev'rence to your Calling makes me modeſt.
Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Crom. My lord of *Wincheſter*, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this table, ſay ſo.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new ſect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. 'Would you were half ſo honeſt!
Men's prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold language.

Crom.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for shame, my lords.
Gard. I've done,
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;
There to remain, 'till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:
Let some o' th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor then?
Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' th' *Tower*.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.
Cham. This is the King's Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by heav'n, I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. D'you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,

In

In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the Church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of *Winchester*. But know, I come not
To hear such flatt'ries now: and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest
[*To* Cran.
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace ———

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowsie foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? did my commission
Bid ye so far forget your selves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor to try him;

Nor

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a suit which you must not deny me,
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism:
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchess
Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquess *Dorset*——
Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart:
The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus: do my lord of *Canterbury*
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long

To

To have this young one made a chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Palace-yard.

Noiſe and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. YOu'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals; do you take the Court for *Paris Garden?* ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue: is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; [4] theſe are but ſwitches. —To 'em. I'll ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing chriſtnings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?

Man. Pray Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible
(Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with cannons)
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep
On *May*-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt *Paul*'s, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot
(You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.

4 *Theſe are but ſwitches to 'em.*] To what, or whom? We ſhould point it thus,

Theſe are but ſwitches.—To 'em.

i.e. *beat at you*, as we now ſay. He ſays this as he turns upon the mob.

Within.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. Puppy.

Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Moreſields* to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the women ſo beſiege us? bleſs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtning will beget a thouſand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face; for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſt the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers, draw to her ſuccour; [5] which were the hope of the ſtrand, where ſhe was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-ſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pibbles, looſe ſhot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

5 *Which were the* hope *of the ſtrand,*] i. e. ſuch as, by another metaphor, he might have called the *flower*. But the *Oxford* Editor, in an ill humour, degrades them to *the forlorn hope*; and this is called emending.

Port.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a play-houſe; and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Limehouſe*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are theſe porters;
Theſe lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful friends o'th' ſuburbs? we ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from th' chriſtening?

Port. Pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves:
And here ye lye baiting of bumbards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
Th' are come already from the chriſtening;
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A *Marſhalſea*, ſhall hold ye play theſe two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princeſs.

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's ſtaff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding bowls for the chriſtning gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle,* &c. *Train born by a lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other god-mother, and ladies. The Troop paſs once about the ſtage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endleſs goodneſs ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of *England*, fair *Elizabeth!*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and my ſelf thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Archbiſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, y'have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This

This royal Infant, (heaven ſtill move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſt ſoul ſhall be. All Princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
" She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs
her;
" Her foes ſhake, like a field of beaten corn,
" And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows
with her.
" In her days, ev'ry man ſhall eat in ſafety,
" Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
" The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
" God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
" From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
" And claim by thoſe their Greatneſs, not by blood.
" Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her; but as when
" The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,
" Her aſhes new create another heir,
" As great in admiration as herſelf;
" So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
" (When heav'n ſhall call her from this cloud of dark-
neſs)
" Who from the ſacred aſhes of her honour
" Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
" And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth,
Terrour,
" That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
" Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
" Where-ever the bright ſun of heav'n ſhall ſhine,
" His honour and the greatneſs of his name
" Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
" And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

" To

" To all the plains about him: children's children
Shall see this, and bless heav'n.
King. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would, I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the Saints must have her yet a Virgin;
A most unspotted lilly she shall pass
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
King. O lord Archbishop,
Thou'st made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.
I thank ye all. —— To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And *(a)* your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think,
H'as business at his house, for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

[*(a) Your.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *you.*]

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets: so 'tis clear,
They'll say, it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected Good w'are like to hear
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good wom'n;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say, 'twill do; I know within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the Fifth Volume.